NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VII.---NO. 11. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 323.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the (Philadelphia) North American.

A MOST LOVELY FEATURE OF THE RECENT REVIVAL IN CHARLESTON, S. C.

Extract of a letter from the Rev. Truman Osborn, to Thomas Wattson, Esq. of this city.

Were not the following extract authenticated by names, we should deem it a burlesque of the popular religious cant of the day. Punch never had anything richer than such an account of a revival among the children who are taught to be tyrants before they can lisp:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have been greatly refreshed since leaving Philadelphia, both in body and spirit—having had the unearthly joy of seeing multitudes of all classes and ages flocking unto Christ "as clouds and as doves to their windows." The Saturday afternoon lecture to children and youth, forming one of the most lovely features of God's work of grace in Charleston. No assembly of adults more discreet, attentive, and tender.

Not less than one hundred, it was believed, waited at one time to be conversed and prayed with, after the large assembly had been dismissed. They seemed to feel as distinctly and bitterly their load of sin, and need of a Saviour, as adult sinners; and when they found peace in believing, were as serenely calm and happy, their little countenances beaming with hope of heaven, and tenderest affection for the disciples of Jesus. Oh, Sir, I felt as if the day had dawned—the birthday of millions of infant souls. The Lord give ministers and Christians faith to believe him able to gather the lambs with his arm (of truth) and the millenium will soon dawn upon the world, and nations learn war no more; Isaiah XL: 10, 11.

We understand that the shower of divine grace on Charleston extended its refreshing influences to many churches, Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist, Lutheran, and the Mariner's—even the forlorn children of Abraham seem partially to catch the social glow of good feeling abroad in the community, and manifest an unusual willingness to hear the *Gospel*. Some of them indeed were seen in tears, distressed and bewildered with their sins.

When Mr. Osborn left Charleston there had been for weeks, from two to three hundred (gentiles) attending the morning prayer meetings, including all classes from the most learned and elect, down to the simple and way-faring man—all partaking of one common feeling of tenderness and devotion.

"Such joys as are unspeakable,
And full of glory too,
Such hidden manna, hidden pearls,
As worldlings do not know."

They were no doubt supplied from the Pacific Ocean of heavenly love, which, if once permitted to flow out through our entire country, would completely neutralize the turbid waves of foreign emigration and domestic rebellion, making us truly peaceful and happy—"a people saved of the Lord." If, indeed, the moral sense of the people is, under *God*, the only sure principle of national existence and personal well-being, then surely, such revivals of true Christianity should be hailed by every pure patriot and Christian, as welcome harbingers of our future greatness and glory. C. C. C.

Selections.

From the Liberia Herald.

REWARD OF MERIT.

The late Rev. C. Teage was born a slave in Goochland county, Virginia. He was remarkable from his earliest youth for shrewdness and forecast; so much so that the epithet "Fox" was applied to him as expressive of his constitutional caution and waryness. At the death of his owner, Nicholson, he was, according to the custom of that land of boasted equality and republicanism, transferred to other hands. At the age of twenty-one years, he found himself the property of Bell and Shepard, of Richmond, Virginia, and an expert workman in a saddlery. Bell was a Scotchman—and possessed more of the milk of human kindness than is usually found to flow in the moral veins of slaveholders. He regarded with paternal kindness all who were dependent upon him, and it is said he was never known to treat a slave unkindly. Shepard was a Virginian—in the proper sense of the term. One whose mouth was ever filled with the cry of Liberty! Equality! while his hand was ever ready to rivet the chain upon the negro, and to scourge him without mercy. Towards those bearing the *accursed hue*, he was in fact like a ferocious beast, and was always ready, for the slightest provocation and frequently, for no provocation at all, to subject them to the last degree of cruel and merciless treatment. All who were so unfortunate as to fall within the sphere of his power were made to feel his cruelty.

Bell and Shepard at length determined to dissolve partnership, and agreed to divide their stock, both merchandise and slaves, except C. Teage, who was a superior workman. A price was to be set upon him, and he was to have his choice to go to either. Each was anxious to have him, and to effect his purpose, the demon Shepard concerted what he supposed could not but prove an effectual plan. He sought private conferences with C. Teage, expressed great sorrow for past unkind treatment, assured him that Bell, who was "a snake in the grass," had prompted what he had hitherto done, declared he was anxious to be separated from him in order that he might manifest the kind impulses of his heart, and hinted his intention, if matters should go right, of doing great things for him. All this was very good—and very forcible, and very tempting. But neither the goodness, nor the face, nor the temptation, nor all combined, was sufficient to destroy the force of the evidence which had been frequently received of his cruel and fiendish disposition. These conferences were duly reported to Bell, who was much concerned lest Shepard should circumvent him. Shepard was as faithless to his engagements as he was cruel to his slaves, and therefore to make sure his defeat, C. Teage advised Bell to have competent witnesses present, that when the election should be made, it might be fixed beyond revocation. Shepard was quite easy, his fears had been lulled. C. Teage was quite easy, his course was marked out. The day came, the witnesses were present. The question was put—Colin whom will you go to. Bell! was the prompt response. Shepard roared and raved like him of whom he was a fitting type, and swore eternal vengeance.

Years afterwards C. Teage was at the head of Bell's saddlery:—a circumstance most unusual in Virginia, where white journeymen are employed. His business, was to cut out work—purchase materials, sell, and collect money. Bell had prospered, and was now wealthy. At this time he was not only foreman of Bell's establishment, receiving more than paternal kindness from his owner, but he was a religious man, and a preacher of the everlasting Gospel to the people in and around Richmond. His labours in the Gospel were by Him, who out of the mouth of babes and sucklings ordaineth praise, owned and blessed not only to people of color. Some pious and benevolent white persons thinking he could be more extensively useful if *free*—which in regard to him, can only be technically applied, as Bell allowed him every liberty he required—concluded to raise a sufficient sum of money, purchase his freedom, and let him go as a kind of missionary among the coloured people. The money was subscribed. A committee called on Bell and stated the object of their visit.

Bell flew in a passion, a thing most unusual with him, and swore he would not sell him for his weight in gold. The gentlemen retired, somewhat fearful that in an attempt to do C. Teage a kindness, they had done him an injury. C. Teage who was at work in the same apartment, also felt a little uneasy. A few moments afterwards, Bell left the room apparently much agitated. An hour from that time he returned, handed C. Teage a paper, saying, "Do you think I would sell a man who has made me what I am:—all I ask of you is to remain with me till I die, and all I have shall be yours." That paper was a deed of manumission drawn up by the late lamented Upshur, who at that time, practised law in Richmond.

MEXICO AND TEXAS.

The June number of the "Topic," a London weekly, contains a capital article on Mexico and the United States. We give an extract:

With regard to the Rio Grande, of which we hear so much, and to have which as a frontier has been the nominal cause of the war, we think it necessary to enter into some details. Taking its rise about the White Mountains, at no great distance from the sources of the Arkansas and the Red River, it runs a course of two thousand miles, and yet is the assertion true that in New Mexico there is no navigable river. It is so shallow that during the majority of months it barely floats the canoes of the Indian fisherman and hunter. It is also obstructed by shoals and rippling sections where a vein of rock runs right across, for more than a thousand miles below Santa Fé. While opposite Taos, we are assured by an intelligent American, "for an uninterrupted distance of nearly fifteen miles, it runs pent up in a deep canon, through which it rushes in rapid torrents. This frightful chasm is absolutely impassable; and viewed from the top the scene is imposing in the extreme. None but the boldest hearts and firmest nerves can venture to its brink and look down its almost perpendicular precipice, over projecting crags and deep crevices, upon the foaming current of the river, which in some places appears like a small rippling brook; while in others it winds its serpentine course silently but majestically along, through a narrow little valley, with immense plains bordering and expanding in every direction, yet so smooth and level that the course of the river is not perceived till within a few yards of its verge."

It will further be seen how valueless this river is for all commercial purposes when we relate an extraordinary event which occurred in 1752, of which the inhabitants in Humboldt's day still preserved the recollection. The whole bed of the river became dry all of a sudden for more than thirty leagues above and twenty leagues below the Paso, and the water of the river precipitated itself into a newly formed chasm, and only made its re-appearance near the Presidio of San Eleazario. After, however, the lapse of several weeks the water resumed its course, it is supposed by the filling up of the chasm and its subterraneous conductors. Though this is very likely an exaggerated statement, the constant disappearance of the river in seasons of severe drought in part explains the tradition. Is is singular that, despite the vast number of tributary streams which would be expected to flow into the Rio Grande, very few in reality reach their destination. Rio Puerco, or the muddy stream, is an exception; and yet this river, though running a course of a hundred miles, is for a portion of the year dry at its mouth. Santa Fé even, a bold and dashing rivulet in the vicinity of the mountains, becomes, as it flows on, an insignificant stream, and is often lost ere it reaches the Rio Grande. Indeed this river runs a course of five hundred miles before it receives any addition of the slightest consequence; it will, therefore, be by no means a surprising statement that it decreases instead of increases in volume. We consequently find that above the influence of the tide it is almost everywhere fordable during the chief part of the year. During the freshets it is certainly deeper, but in general the water does not rise above the knee. During almost the whole of its course its banks are low and seldom adorned with much vegetation, if we except bushes, and yet from its disproportionate width, generally three or four hundred yards, it is not like the other rivers of that region subject to inundations, so great an evil to the inhabitants on the borders of the Colorado and Brazos in Texas. To the inhabitants of Northern Mexico this river is known as Rio del Norte, or north river, because it takes its rise among the northern hills and flows in a southerly direction. Below it is called the Rio Grande, but nowhere now Rio Bravo, as it once was, and is still in many maps. Though, therefore, it runs a course of two thousand miles, it is not navigable as many hundred, and then only for vessels of a light draught of water. Its lower portion is sometimes very picturesque, and also dangerous to navigation, from the constant recurrence of small wooded islands—the *islatas* of the Rio Grande—which with shoals, narrow and rapid channels, remove almost all hope of its ever becoming a useful river. The idea which has been broached of making it the water highway across the continent, instead of the Isthmus of Panama, is most wild and visionary, and can only be entertained seriously by men utterly ignorant of its character, direction, and length. Along almost the whole course of the river the land is sterile, bleak, and barren; there are exceptions about Taos and Santa Fé, but the want of irrigation makes the former the distinctive characteristic, until we approach the sea. It will be seen that during the last engagements the Americans were able to make a bridge of wagons across the river, which speaks volumes for its shallowness.

It is then for the command of this river and the barren region which lies between it and the Nueces, that the Americans have nominally made war upon the Mexican people. The United States is clearly in the wrong, more clearly and unmistakably even than in Oregon, where every sensible American acknowledges no claim but that of a desire to possess the country. Texas, a few years since, was an integral portion of the Mexican confederation. It revolted, and is now in the same position with regard to the United States. In annexing *itself* to the Union, it had clearly no right to annex anything but itself. Now Texas ceases at the Nueces. It has, therefore, not only lopped itself off from the Catholic republic, but has torn off a slice from another State, not quite so anxious to combine with the Stars and Stripes. There can be no doubt, however, that it is but one step in a great scheme. The United States covets all North America. An American official says, "The march of mind is onward, and great principle, the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, will triumph in its career! *The arm of Jehovah, covered by the thick bosses of his buckler*, will give liberty to the captive and freedom to the oppressed of every clime [beginning with their own slaves of course]. Whilst the tottering thrones of kings, guarded with bayonets, attempt to shield their power by deceitful and corrupt diplomacy, Principle will prove them and cause them to bow their heads at the altar of Liberty," Making the United States the right arm of Jehovah is a grand idea, worthy of American genius. We are then told—Oregon first, then California, then Mexico will become integral portions of the Union; in case of a war with England, the annexation of all British America will, we are assured, be the inevitable consequence, while we are threatened with "new and independent powers in the British isles." And this is no one man's idea, to use the words of an able American writer, "on the subject of Oregon, there is but one opinion with intelligent and patriotic citizens, and that is, that our title is clear, just, and indefeisable." Knowing personally, as we do, the feeling of the American people, we are quite sure that, setting apart that a war will make Polk popular, there is an earnest desire to conquer Mexico, and to confiscate its prolific mines, it vast stores of silver and gold, and jewelry in the churches, and, with the refuse of the population and unprincipled politicians, a desire to sweep them from the earth, because, as we have been personally told, the Mexicans are too ignorant and too benighted to live. This unhappy feeling has been forcibly shown in the statement which appears in the American papers, that after the battle of La Palma, the Mexicans treated the dead of the enemy with horrible indignities, and the women, who in that country are gentle and amiable to a degree, were conspicuous in this horrid work. The papers forget to explain how the flying Mexicans became possessed of the dead whom they left a long distance behind them, while the women were on the other side of the river. When we recollect that John Randolph, on the floor of the House of Representatives, said that in Mexico the men were all thieves, and the women worse, we can understand how such a feeling should be generated amidst the reckless and thoughtless. When we remind our readers that it is men animated with such feelings, who will march to conquer Mexico, men without the restraints of law or discipline, we say enough to enlist the sympathies of all lovers of their species with the weaker party, and to create a desire that our Government may interfere, and endeavour to settle the dispute by arbitration.

From the True Democrat.

A FREE BOY REDUCED TO SLAVERY AND LIVING TWENTY YEARS A SLAVE.

A friend of ours informs us, that a few days since he had the pleasure of keeping over night and helping on his journey, one of the three millions of human cattle, belonging to our Southern nabobs, who are wonderfully attracted by the North star. His father and mother lived in Pennsylvania. When a lad, twelve years old, he went off with a caravan, that was exhibited in the town where he lived. He shipped with a captain from New-York to Boston, but found himself landed in New Orleans, where the captain sold him at auction for a slave. For twenty years he has suffered all the hardships of that patriarchal institution. He finally escaped from Louisville, and is in a land of freedom by this time.

He has left a wife and children, slaves in Kentucky. It was enough to melt a stone to hear him tell how his little boy climbed upon his knees the evening before he left, and appeared more interesting than ever, not being conscious how soon he was to be fatherless. Negroes have hearts and tears too, and can feel for their kindred as you and I feel, reader.

The next day after he left Kentucky, when thinking of his wife and children, he was almost induced to turn about and go back. But then he knew he should be sent down the river and separated from them. The reason that he ran away, was, that he learned that he was thus to be disposed of, his master regarding him as too intelligent to be safely kept so near the free States.

While our citizens are thus being kidnapped and sold into bondage, what has the North to do with Slavery? O, nothing, except to fight to put down insurrections, to stand still and see men and women hunted down on our own soil, and taken back into bondage, and to pour out our money and blood like rivers to extend its borders. We shall get our eyes open after awhile, and shall see our rights and dare to maintain them.

From the Western Citizen.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM T. ALLAN.

Geneseo, June 7th, 1846.

BROTHER EASTMAN:—Permit me to give a little narrative by way of personal experience. It relates to some of the statutes of Illinois, and may serve to show their exceeding *blackness*. It is known to my friends, generally, that I came from the South, and that my father was a slaveholder. It is also known to many, that, at his death, he liberated his slaves. Out of six heirs, five reside in this State—one in Alabama. We all consented to the will, most heartily; and the negroes (a dozen in all) were allowed to choose their place of residence. They chose Illinois, where "the children" (as they call us) live. Accordingly, my brother-in-law, *Louis Wyeth, Esq.* who is executor of the will, sent an agent with them to Jacksonville, in this State, where they now reside, with one exception. The name of that one is *Richmond*, a man fifty years of age. He has been in our family ever since my remembrance. He is an inoffensive, faithful old man, worthy of all confidence as a friend and servant. He asked me to let him ride with me from Morgan county to Henry. He wanted to have more of a visit with me, whom he had not seen for thirteen years, and he wanted to see my brother, whom he had not seen for ten years. Three weeks ago, we stopped to spend the Sabbath in Peoria. On Sunday morning, while the old man was at work in the stable, he was dragged off by a ruffian, (his name is not worth knowing,) to a magistrate's office, and thence to the custody of the Sheriff, as a runaway slave! My testimony, as to the facts, was not admitted, because, forsooth, I was a party interested! When the *wise* and *patriotic* Justice (?) had signalized himself by committing the poor old man to prison, they proceeded to arrest me on the charge of harboring and secreting a fugitive slave. And the same *Justice* bound me over in the penal sum of $500 to appear on the first day of Court, to be tried, &c. Well, I appeared accordingly, and after ten days, the Grand Jury found a bill against me, charging me with "the crime of harboring a slave." I gave security, and am now under bonds to appear, and be tried next October, under the statute of Illinois, for the *crime* of riding in a buggy with an old friend! A summons was also served on me to appear and answer to Alfred Todd and the people of Peoria county, for the sum of $500 by me unlawfully detained. They are striving both by civil and criminal law to punish me for that same worthy cause.

Richmond (the colored man,) is now with my brother in this place. I sent for a copy of my father's will, and obtained some other testimony, which were entirely satisfactory to all candid minds. But the Sheriff did not feel authorized to let him go. We then brought him before Judge Kœrner, by a writ of habeas corpus. But the Judge decided that he had no jurisdiction in the case. He said that it devolved wholly on the Sheriff. We told him that the evidence had already been presented to the Sheriff, and that he declined liberating him. But the Judge still waived the matter, presuming that the Sheriff would liberate him, &c. We then furnished the Sheriff with still further evidence touching Richmond's freedom. He hesitated, counselled with the lawyers, and finally let him go with my brother, on condition that he would hold him subject to his order, in case any *owner* should come and prove property, and be liable to meet any expenses that he (the Sheriff) might incur in consequence of letting him go. They seemed terribly afraid that the *laws of Alabama* might not consent to his liberation; and that, possibly, a minor heir, by and by, might claim a sixth part of the old, worn-out negro, as property. These *weighty* considerations were duly appreciated by these legal gentlemen and officers of Peoria. It is but justice to say of Mr. Frye, the Sheriff, that he did not put Richmond in jail, but treated him kindly at his own house.

And now, what do all these things prove? They prove that the black laws of Illinois are as wicked and unrighteous as the wretch that seized old Richmond. These things prove that the legislators of Illinois, and all who sustain them, are mere tools of the slave power. They show that Slavery has much to do with us—that Illinois is a mere appendage to the slave States, a sort of *dependency* on Missouri and Kentucky. There is something tolerable in a genuine, bona fide slaveholder. But a slaveholder's *tool* in a Northern State, a sort of *two-legged bloodhound* that barks on the track of an old negro or his friend, a dirty cat's paw, a despicable minion of tyrants—language can't describe him. Shall Illinois continue to sustain such a relation to Slavery? Shall her statute-book continue to be blotted with such foul provisions? Shall an act of mercy or of common humanity be considered and treated as a *crime* committed against the peace and dignity of the people of Illinois? "Wo to them that decree unrighteous decrees."

I have given you, Mr. Editor, a very brief outline of facts in this case. Many thoughts rush to my mind in relation to it, but I suppress them, and leave it to others to make comments.

Yours, in invincible opposition to Slavery,
WILLIAM T. ALLAN.

From the Cleveland Herald.

WM. R. RICHARDSON vs. BEEBEE.

MR. EDITOR: Enclosed I send you the opinion delivered by the Court in the case of Wm. R. Richardson against Huron Beebee, Sheriff, &c. which, with the accompanying comments, you may publish if you shall deem it advisable.

WILLIAM R. RICHARDSON, vs. HURON BEEBEE, Sheriff of Cuyahoga county. } HABEAS CORPUS.

B. B. TAYLOR, Esq. for Richardson, H. FOOT and B. WHITE, Esqrs. for Beebee; WOOD, C. J.

The Sheriff has returned, in obedience to the writ of habeas corpus issued in this case, that he took Richardson into custody on the 10th day of June, 1846, and now detains him in custody by virtue of a mittimus issued by John Barr, Esq. one of the Justices of the Peace in Cuyahoga county, and a certified copy of the mittimus is made a part of the Sheriff's return.

The mittimus recites that "Whereas, William R. Richardson, of the county aforesaid, has been arrested on the oath of James A. Briggs, for that, at the township of Cleveland, in said county, on or about the 13th of May, 1846, said William R. Richardson did knowingly aid in carrying one Alfred Berry, a black man, and a resident of the said Cuyahoga county, of the State of Ohio, without taking said Alfred Berry before any Justice of the Peace in said county, and without establishing his right of property in said Alfred Berry, agreeably to the laws of the United States, before any Judge or Justice in said county, and has been examined by me, John Barr, one of the Justices," &c. "on such charge, and required to give bail in the sum of one thousand dollars," &c. "which he has failed to do. Therefore," &c.

The statute on which this prosecution is based is the 2d *sec. of an act entitled*, "*an act to prevent kidnapping*," found in Swan's statutes, p. 600, which provides, "That no person or persons shall, in any manner, attempt to carry out of this State or knowingly be aiding in carrying out of this State, any black or mulatto person without first taking such black or mulatto person before some Judge or Justice of the Peace in the county where such black or mulatto person was taken, and there, agreeably to the laws of the United States, establish by proof his or their property in such black or mulatto person."

This section of the statute was designed to be applied, exclusively, to that unfortunate class of persons who owed service in one State and escaped into another, and to those by whom they were arrested or seized. The Constitution and laws of the United States recognize Slavery, and protect the owner in the enjoyment of this species of property. This prosecution was set on foot, as shown by the mittimus, on the ground that Berry was a slave, and was seized and taken out of the State *without a right of property in him being first established*. In the case of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and Prigg, the Supreme Court of the United States have decided, that the owner of a slave, either by himself, or agent, may pursue, arrest and return him to the State from whence he fled, without the aid of the State authority, and that *all State legislation which interferes or embarrasses such an arrest is unconstitutional and void, and that all legislation on the subject is vested in Congress.*

Every mittimus must, substantially, show the accused is charged with some definite offence, or it cannot be sustained. No man should be deprived of his liberty, unless his *caption and detention* are authorized by law. Upon the face of this mittimus, what has Richardson done? He has arrested a slave and taken him out of the State, *without proving his right before the State authority*, and this State legislation, in such a case, *is absolutely null and void*, under the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

It was said, on the hearing, that it did not appear but what Berry was a *freeman*, from the mittimus before the court, and that Richardson was properly charged with kidnapping, under the first section of the act. It was, however, successfully answered, that it was not *averred* that Berry was a *freeman*, and the offence is charged to be the *not proving property before removal*. Unless property may, therefore, exist in a freeman, the mittimus, itself, shows that Berry was a slave, and the prosecution instituted on that ground. I am, therefore, of the opinion that the arrest and detention of Richardson are illegal, and direct him to be discharged.

I concur in the opinion. M. BIRCHARD.

From the Boston Courier.

PENITENT CONFESSION.

A negro man was killed by a man named Bright, in Currituck county, North Carolina, recently. A coroner's jury was called on the occasion, and the substance of the verdict was, "that an inquest was held on the body of a black man in Currituck county, near the Princess-Ann county line, at the residence of John Ryland Bright, on the 19th of last month. It appeared to the jury that said negro had come to his death from being shot in the back at the distance of only a few paces, and it was still further shown to the jury by the confession of said Bright, that he had committed the act, and "that he would not do it again." The penalty in such cases, we believe, is a fine of five dollars.

HERE IS CHURCH ACTION OF THE RIGHT SORT.

From the Watchman of the Valley.

RIPLEY PRESBYTERY.

Extract from the Minutes of Ripley Presbytery, convened at Ripley, June 18, 1846.

In the reported proceedings of the General Assembly, we are sorry to see that it takes substantially the ground taken by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, viz; that though slaveholding is a sin, yet it is not such a sin as should exclude slaveholders from the communion of the Church, and thus admits that slaveholding is not inconsistent with a credible profession of religion. The particular circumstances which are to determine the point when a member is to be excluded from the Church for slaveholding, are not presented in the proceedings of the Assembly. The matter is, therefore, left in such an indefinite manner that slaveholders must be left undisturbed in the communion of the Church, so far as the action of the Assembly is concerned.

From the whole proceedings of the Assembly, it is as clear as anything can be, that it was its intention that slaveholders shall be continued in the Church. This appears from its action on the case of William Graham. He, in a published pamphlet, advocated slaveholding to be in accordance with the Word of God, which is as bad as slaveholding itself. He was regularly charged before his Presbytery, and regularly tried. His case was referred to Synod, and at two annual meetings of Synod, regularly adjudicated; yet the Assembly says that it was unconstitutional to try William Graham, and enjoins it upon Synod to review and correct its proceedings accordingly. It says in effect, that though the doctrine of slaveholding be a "*great and dangerous error*," yet the Synod was bound by the constitution of the Church to continue in it, as a regular minister, a man who would teach this error. Thus by the authority of the Presbyterian Church, it would send forth a man to teach that the truth of God was a lie.

Presbytery cannot but condemn the action of the Assembly, so far as it would continue slaveholders in the communion of the Church to an indefinite period. And it specially condemns the action of the Assembly, in the case of Wm. Graham, believing it to be the spirit of Popery to put human creeds above the Bible, and also believing that our Confession of Faith clearly condemns slaveholding.

In reviewing the whole proceedings of the Assembly, Presbytery is convinced, that in order to secure unity in the Church as presented in the Assembly, truth has been stricken down. That the Assembly has attempted, at the same time, to serve God and Mammon—to drink of the cup of the Lord and of devils.

The Presbytery would say that it cannot in *any way* sanction Slavery. Therefore,

Resolved, 1st. That in looking back on our past action in not sending a commissioner to the General Assembly, in view of its late action, we are, as ever, fully convinced of the propriety of that action, and can hold no connection with the Assembly which can subject us to its control, or imply fellowship with it, until it shall use all constitutional means to purge itself from slaveholding.

Resolved, 2d. That we will consult with sister Presbyteries, on the propriety of forming an Anti-Slavery Presbyterian Church.

N. B. Rev. D. Gould was excused from voting except on the last resolution, which was passde unanimously.

From the Independent Democrat.

CHARLES G. ATHERTON.

Seldom, if ever, was it the lot of any man to earn so full a measure of the contempt and scorn of all the friends of liberty and humanity as has the individual above named. An aristocrat by birth and education, without pre-eminent talents of any kind, but favored by a blind fortune which, mistook the phosphorescent glare of corruption for the coruscations of genius, he has marked a public life, neither long nor brilliant, by more damning deeds of infamy than any man of his age. A citizen and son of New Hampshire, born among her free hills, and rocked by her mountain breezes, he has yet the unenviable reputation of having never spoken one word or given one vote favorable to virtue, liberty, or humanity. With a soul callous to all the calls of oppressed human nature, and a heart seared by the cold heart of Slavery, he has seemed to glory in defying and mocking all the higher and holier sentiments of his race.

Signalizing his first entrance into Congress by a blow at the right of petition, a right, old as constitutional liberty itself, and sacred beyond all constitutions, he has gone on in one consistent career of infamous subserviency to human slavery, and treachery to the best interests of his native State. Never for one instant has he halted or paused in his course, or ever forgotten the covenant of oppression into which he was baptized. Not the veriest chattel that sweats and toils upon the cotton-fields of Carolina, was ever truer to the chains that bound him, than has been Charles G. Atherton to the behests of his Southern masters.

If he aimed at an immortality of infamy, well and wisely has he pursued the object of his ambition. If he wished in long distant years, to have his name a hissing and scorn in the mouths of men, as it mingles with the prayers of the oppressed, and the execrations of the free, the needle was never truer to the pole than he to the star of his hopes. False, he may have been, to all the interests of humanity, false to his country, to the Constitution, and to his race. To Slavery, to the demon of oppression and wrong, he never has been false. To him the voice of the slave-power has been at all times the voice of God.

Sadly for liberty and human rights—sadly for our country and its free institutions, has it happened that his has not been a barren *will* to do wrong.

Few men have had it in their power to do more. By his single arm, upheld by such dough-faced patterns of Democracy as Jared W. Williams, was the sacred right of petition struck down for years. By his vote was the great question of Texan Annexation decided. Upon his action hung the success or failure of the recently enacted pro-slavery tariff. What else, and what further great questions may be submitted to him, Heaven only knows—but they may be few and far between is *our* earnest prayer; as it will be the prayer of all who have at heart, the welfare of their country, and the freedom and happiness of their race.

The *Boston Whig* of last week contains again some capital Anti-Slavery articles, from which we should be glad to make copious extracts had we room. The Massachusetts people will learn from an article, from which we take the following extract, where the real responsibility is for the Mexican war:

THE SLAVE POWER.

CONSEQUENCES OF COTTONING TO IT IN THE NORTH.

A recent number of the New Orleans "Tropic" contains the following remark:—

"After Congress had been in session some time, Mr. Polk ordered the army to march to the Rio Grande. * * * * * Now there must be some good reason for this extraordinary movement on his part, that should be known to the people. It must not be forgotten that *Mr. Polk claimed the Nueces as the boundary line between Mexico and Texas when he came into power*, and on the banks of that river the army of occupation was stayed a long time. Now it is important to the people of the United States for Mr. Polk to give his reasons for changing his mind."

Certainly the advance of the troops from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, was rather a bold step on Mr. Polk's part. Helping himself to Texas with any boundaries was bad enough. But the country between those rivers had nothing to do with Texas. It no more belonged to that province than did the capital city of Mexico. It lies within the boundaries (passing from North to South) of New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas. So every delineation, except the fraudulent Congressional map, represents it. So Mr. Polk's own party friends understood it, till enlightened by the success of their own effrontery, and the truckling of their opponents. The proposal of General Jackson's Government, said Mr. Benton, (speech in secret session, May 20th, 1844) "extended to no part of the river, or even of the valley of the Rio del Norte. Not a drop of water of that river,—not an inch of the soil of its valley,—did he propose to disrupt from its old possessor, and to incorporate into our Union. * * * * * They meditated no such *crime or folly* as that of adding the left bank of the Rio del Norte, from head to mouth to our Union." "The treaty," he said again, "in all that relates to the boundary of the Rio Grande is an act of unparalleled outrage on Mexico."

We *guess* we may be able to throw some light on the subject of the "Tropic's" curiosity. Down to late in the autumn of 1845, the feeling of the masses in the free States seemed to be growing constantly more intense in respect to the tremendous outrage of the slave-power, that was in progress. Down to this time, Massachusetts had appeared entirely in earnest, and the greater part of her New England sisters had ranged themselves by her side. Even wretched New Hampshire was picking herself up from the mud, and scraping herself clean from the filth of her slave alliance, while Ohio, the hero of the West, was going on, as she will yet go on, in a way worthy of her clear head and brave heart. Bold and arrogant as the usurpers were, it was still prudent to keep some measures.

While things stood thus, there came surprising news from Boston to Washington, understood to betoken that "the head" of opposition "was sick, and the heart faint." Mr. Appleton and some of his friends at the centre of New England influence, had given in their adhesion, or at least withdrawn their opposition, and discouraged that of their associates. Mr. Polk has a man in his cabinet from New England, skilled to erect broad conclusions on a narrow basis of facts, and he had now some materials for the argument that Massachusetts, weakened by this defection in her old stronghold, was going to show the white feather. The news of the new movement reached Washington on the first day of the meeting of Congress. Nothing material was done, of a nature to bring that inference into question, by any delegate from the North in either House. The game of opposition, hoped the slave usurpers, is up. If the free States are so content with what has already come and gone, and so easy about what is threatened to come next, they may be reckoned on to put up with anything that can come. A little more or a little less, will not fret them. Accordingly, as soon as the matter could be properly thought over, viz: on the 13th day of January, orders were issued to General Taylor to push on to the Rio Grande, where he established his batteries on the left bank, commanding the Mexican town on the other side. And so opened our Polka war-dance to the tune of half a million of dollars a day. It exists, so the Congressmen voted, "by the act of Mexico." Certainly. Of course. History will make no question of that, nor of the veracity of the voters.

Communications.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

UPPER MARLBORO, August 1st, 1846.

This village is situated twenty miles southeast of Washington, and contains about fifty houses, besides taverns, churches, court-house, jail, &c. The white portion of the inhabitants are, generally, in very moderate circumstances, and lead an idle, dissolute life, working barely enough to obtain the necessaries of life, of which, "Old Rye" forms a large part, and possesses as many virtues, in their opinion, as "Brandreth's Pills;" in fact, it is the second village, in point of whisky drinking, in the State. It has likewise gained some little notoriety, from the fact of having furnished Maryland with its present Governor, Thomas G. Pratt, the man who refused to pardon Torrey, when assured, by his counsel and physician, that longer confinement would be fatal. But, it is not to be wondered at, when the character of the man comes to be known. It can all be told in a few words, by quoting one of his gambling cronies, though a political opposer, in Washington, who, upon the receipt of the news of Pratt's election, was grumbling in no measured terms, at losing his bets on the election, but consoled himself by saying, "Good enough for me: I was a d——d fool for betting against a gambler, for they are sure to be elected."

Here too is published that "spicy" sheet, called the "Upper Marlboro' Gazette," whose editor has lately been delivered of some remarks that savor strongly of *himself*, and, are certainly *very republican* in spirit. In commenting on a recent trial in the city of Baltimore, in which Lucy Crawford, a coloured woman, was a petitioner for freedom *vs.* H. H. Slatter, of that place, (who follows the *lawful* occupation of buying men and women, and locking them up until he has a boat-load, and then sending them to pick cotton,) his remarks are as follows: "The 'general satisfaction' which the Sun says was expressed on hearing the verdict, (for the petitioner,) was but another evidence of the growing disposition, on the part of many Baltimoreans, to wrest from the slaveholder, by every means in their power, their slave property. Some decided measures must be taken to check this infamous and dangerous spirit. The verdict, in this case, can only proceed from a spirit of abolitionism, for, it is presumed that the court better understood the law than the jury. It is, in fact, nothing but a judicial robbery, and, we hope some steps will be taken by the next General Assembly, to remove the trial of such causes from the city court, where Baltimore city juries are empanneled, to Baltimore county court, where juries from the county have to act. In this way, the slaveholders of the State will get rid of that spirit of abolitionism, which is more likely to be found in the city than the county of Baltimore. Indeed, in our opinion, in no case of petition for freedom, ought a jury trial be granted. The court, alone, should decide upon all the evidence and the law. They are not so apt to be tinctured with a feeling, so at war with the interest of the slaveholder, and which, wherever it is found to exist, will be sure to be employed in prostrating Slavery in the State."

There, "I reckon" that needs no comment. The people of Baltimore all turning Abolitionists, in favour of "trial by jury!" What a set of heathens! But the "Sun" rebukes these grave charges with becoming spirit. Hear what it says:

"We have delayed a notice of these remarks until the present time, the case being still pending on the motion for a new trial. Now, however, the court has finally passed upon the issue, and sustained the verdict of the jury with an express sanction of the result as being in accordance with the law and the facts.

"The editor of the Gazette evidently wrote under temporary excitement, and the impulse of the moment has prompted him to make very grave charges against the people of Baltimore, which, upon reflection, we are confident he would have suppressed. In the first place, the allegations brought so generally against city juries, in the passage from the Gazette, are not at all sustained by the verdicts recorded from time to time, in such cases heretofore. In the next place, a charge of "abolitionism," abhorrent as is the very name, even to the anti-slavery part of our population, should not be lightly made; the very best and most unquestionable evidence should be secured, before any of our citizens are publicly denounced by a charge so repulsive to their feelings. This element of strife should be avoided, not sought, as it would seem to be by the readiness, we will not say recklessness, with which it is put forward, as an exponent of this verdict.

"If the Gazette is willing to be put right, and to put his readers right in this matter, we think it can be done. The verdict is distinctly referable to the facts in the *particular case*, as they evidently impressed the minds of the court and jury. It was shown in the course of the trial, that the former owner of the petitioner had agreed, by contract, to set her free, upon payment of $180 in five years; and, in accordance with this contract, had released her to act for herself. In something less than the time allowed, she had paid $159. At the expiration of the time, she was suddenly arrested in Washington city, brought to this city, and sold to Mr. Slatter for some $400 or $500. These, we believe, are the facts in the case. There was some effort to show that a part of the conditions, requiring Lucy to behave herself, had been violated, in the opinion of her mistress. The facts, however, as above stated, were believed by the court and jury; and a man must be less than human, who, under such impressions, would not be favourably disposed towards the petitioner, no matter how much inclined to be guided by the letter of the law. The main point decided by the court touching the subject, was, that no contract, to which a slave was a party, could be binding; hence, the payment of the $159 was *void*, and no equivalent in part of the prospective freedom. The court, in delivering the opinion, expressed a regret that, in this case, the law left them no alternative.

"How then did the jury decide—contrary to the law? No. But, abandoning the issue on this point, they turned to the considerations of the case, as it was affected by the acts of Assembly, directly referring to the removal of slaves to and fro, between the State of Maryland and the District of Columbia. In this branch of the inquiry, we understand the respondents to have relied upon the act of 1813, ch. 56, to the following effect:

Be it enacted, &c.—That in case any slave hath been removed, carried, or brought, or shall hereafter be removed, &c. from any part of this State into that part of the District of Columbia lying east of the Potomac river, called Washington county; or, in case any slave hath been removed, &c. or shall hereafter be removed, &c. into this State, from the said part of the District of Columbia, the said removal, carrying, or bringing from, or into this State, shall not entitle the said slave to freedom.

"Adverse to this the petitioner's counsel cited the act of 1832, ch. 317, which is as follows:

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland,—That nothing, in any former act, shall be construed to prohibit any person from again bringing into this State

any slave for life, who shall have been, or may hereafter be taken from this State, and hired or lent to service in any adjoining State, or District, for a limited time; provided that no such slave shall be introduced into this State, by any person, other than an actual inhabitant of this State, who shall also be the owner of such slave, both at the time of hiring or lending aforesaid, and of bringing back the said slave; or, in case of the death of the original owner, by his heirs, executors, administrators, or legatees.

"Upon these acts, as quoted above, the jury confessedly disposed of the case, under a legal principle and right conviction, as contended by Mr. Buchanan in his argument on the motion for a new trial, that the later enactment, specifying the purposes of removal—for hire or loan—repealed the former act, upon which the respondents relied to cover the general conditions under which the petitioner had been suffered to proceed to the District, and act while there. It will be observed that the petitioner in this case, was neither "hired" nor "loaned," but suffered to work out the price of her freedom. The jury found that the act of 1813 was virtually repealed and superseded by the act of 1832: and, that the act of 1832 not being applicable to the case, the petitioner was entitled to her freedom. As we have before said, the court in some emphatic remarks approved the verdict, and overruled the motion for a new trial."

After reading the above, I think the editor of the Gazette must, in justice withdraw the "abhorrent" charge of "abolitionism," to be induced to forego the threatened interference of Clagget & Co. and the next "General Assembly."

Yours, for enlarging the area of freedom,

RAMBLE R.

First of August at Bath.

FRIEND GAY:—We are getting under way. C. L. Remond and myself have had good meetings at Geneva, Vienna, Palmyra, Macedon, Egypt, and Port Gibson. After these meetings, our good friend Gideon Ramsdell harnessed up his fleet bonnie grays, and accompanied us to Bath, Steuben county, where arrangements had been made by our colonred friends to celebrate the anniversary of that day upon which, at the fiat of *Monarchy*, eight hundred thousand human beings leaped forth from their house of bondage; and as the loud acclaim went up to heaven, a thrill of joy ran through the heart of humanity wherever bound, so true is it

"That mankind is one in spirit."

And if that event serves but to tighten the fetters upon *republican* slaves, as is asserted by our Southern "*patriarchs*," and their Northern *echoes*,—it is because it has enlarged their manhood, and is a premonitory symptom, to which oppressors would do well to take heed, that the day is fast hastening when they shall stand up "too big for their chains."

The ride to Bath is adelightful one. We passed up on the east bank of the Crooked Lake, which is connected with Seneca Lake by a canal, which affords a direct water-communication with New-York. The scenery was very beautiful. Ever and anon fine landscapes, of which any country might be justly proud, burst upon our view. It was in the midst of harvest-time, and a bountiful crop has rewarded the toil of the husbandman.

We reached Bath on the evening of the 31st, and attended a Torrey meeting in the Court-house, before which were marshaled seventy-seven misguided young men who had volunteered to murder innocent Mexicans for the support of that system which immolated Charles T. Torrey. They were taking leave of their friends previous to their departure, which took place early the next morning. This is a brave nation.

On the *first*, the friends met at the coloured church, and marched, to the sound of music, to the Presbyterian. Church. (The musicians were pale-faces.) The body of the house was filled with our coloured friends, and the white spectators had to take the "Jim-Crow" pews and galleries. I did not like this part of the arrangement very well, as it tends to keep up the distinction marked by complexion,—but while it does prevail I am glad to see the tables turned. Our coloured friends were well represented from other localities,—and a better looking audience I have never seen together. Many of them were fugitives from *republican* justice, and the infinite shades of complexion told of Slavery's damning deeds.

I was never more proud of a seat on any platform. I was seated between two noble men, who, not long ago, were numbered with the "happy" *peasantry* of Southland, and in comparison with whom, for strength of mind and vigour of intellect, most Anglo-Saxons would appear at a disadvantage. Appropriate and able addresses were delivered by S. R. Ward and C. L. Remond.

It was truly "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." I think all were strengthened and invigourated. The singing too was good. From the church they marched to the hotel, where dinner was prepared.

In fact, Anti-Slavery had complete possession of the place for the day. Bath has been considered a hard spot—but the meeting and proceedings commanded the respect of all her citizens, and I think a good impression was made. On our return we had good meetings at Prattsburg and Rushville. J. C. HATHAWAY.

FARMINGTON, 8th mo. 4, 1846.

Address.

At a meeting of men and women, friends of Temperance, Freedom, and Peace, convened at Goshen, Wayne county, Indiana, on the 4th of 7th mo. (July) 1846, the following address was agreed on, and directed to be signed by the Clerk on behalf of the meeting, with the request that it be inserted in the public papers.

To Theobald Mathew, Daniel O'Connell, George Thompson, Henry C. Wright, James N. Buffum, and others, who are labouring in the great moral movements of the day, Temperance, Freedom, and Peace:—

DEAR FRIENDS—We address you under this appellation, believing that you are friends to the whole human family. You have made so clear a demonstration to the understandings of millions of mankind, that intemperance is a foe to all that is good, and that it can easily be avoided; and that moral power is much stronger, and greatly to be preferred to physical force in all our transactions with rational beings; that you are not only friends, but benefactors of our race. The untimely end of that noble, brave, and talented man, Robert Emmet, has been deeply deplored; and what, we ask, would ere this have been the fate of Daniel O'Connell, had he placed his reliance on the sword, instead of that conquering agency, moral power?

That mighty lever which is destined in time to right the world from its present false position, and restore it to the true circle in which the Creator designed it, should perform its revolutions through all ages. This circle is bounded on all sides by equal and exact justice. Within its sacred enclosure, harmonious brotherhood delights to dwell, and love and mercy, the most sublime attributes of Jehovah, reign supreme. We thank you from our inmost and best feelings for the light you have shed on millions of mankind heretofore groping in darkness. But the occasion of our addressing you at this time, is not to laud you for what you have already done, but to express to you our most cordial feelings, and to entreat you to hold on your way in the great cause of truth and right. We beseech you, dear friends, let no discouragements have place; for although you have done much by holding up the light, yet much more remains to be done, before war, that terrible scourge of the human family, will cease. But cease it must, before man can attain his true position before his fellow-man and his God. A noble poet of Britain hath justly said, "War is a game that were men wise, kings would not play at." But alas! how humiliating is the remark to us, and how unwise must we appear to the whole civilized world. Here, in these States, we have no king; the supreme power rests in the people, who choose their servants to administer their Government for the short space of four years, when opportunity is again offered for another choice. And yet we may search history in vain for a more ruthless exercise of arbitrary power than our servants are at this time waging in a war against the more feeble power of Mexico. The manner in which Ahab possessed himself of the vineyard of Naboath, as recorded in Scripture, does not appear to us to be more reprehensible. Let us ask you, then to raise your voices still louder in favor of humanity and Christian practice. Let them extend to Rome, prevail with the present incumbent of the Papal chair, to induce the Mexicans, if possible to cast away the sword, and rely solely on moral power. Speak in the ear of Mexico, use every possible influence to show them their best hope of a speedy victory and honorable peace would be to unite among themselves, to disband their armies, engage in useful domestic employments, make no offer either to fight or treat with us, but appeal to the moral feeling of the civilized world for redress of grievances, and we believe in a much shorter time than it would take to settle the controversy by the sword, and at a far less cost of blood and treasure, a better award would be made to them than can be obtained in any other way. A slaveholding oligarchy at present rules this nation, and they are rushing with furious haste, trampling on some of the most sacred provisions of the Constitution, to increase the area of their dark domain, and continue their despotic sway over peeled and downtrodden humanity in the persons of their crushed and bleeding slaves.

To effect this, a barbarous, plundering war has been waged against a sister republic, where Slavery has been abolished. For the prosecution of this war they will have to depend mainly on the free States of the North for vassals to do their bidding; and were it possible to cause hostilities to cease on the part of Mexico, the field of glory, (falsely so called,) with a prospect of which these poor vassals have been deluded, would fade from their view. They would then shrink from the prospect of cold-blooded murder, while a feeling of sympathy would be aroused among the more sober, intelligent, and humane, of which the number is large and fast increasing, that would soon arrest the arm of the fell destroyer, call our Generals home, and put a stop to those mad proceedings. Then, and not until then, a settlement may be obtained through the mediation of some friendly power, that would wear the semblance of justice. Suffer us, then, dear friends, to entreat you in the language of the Apostle, "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season you shall reap if you faint not." The sure reward of those who labour in the cause of the Prince of Peace is a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

Signed on behalf of said meeting,

ISRAEL FRENCH, Clerk.

Letter from Thomas Burrows.

WESTFIELD, Aug. 6th, 1846.

SIR,—Friend Hudson, of Massachusetts, was here on the 4th and 5th instant, and addressed the citizens of this place on the all-important subjects of American Slavery, and the means to be employed for its abolition. We had previously received a visit from W. W. Brown, who had taken occasion in his lectures to rebukes the hypocrisy of the slaveholding religion of this land, and to show the infidelity of those religious associations which profess to seek the salvation of all, but withhold the Word of Life from the oppressed. When Dr. Hudson came among us, means were taken to prevent a repetition of a just exposure of this, the crying sin of the day, by a request from a good deacon to let his moderation be known to all men, and not to rebuke the pro-slavery religious organizations. This was in the open square, on the afternoon of the 4th, the caution serving only for a fit occasion to denounce these evils to a few who gathered round to hear the conversation. In the evening the meeting was held in the Presbyterian house, a large number were out, and *were attentive*, while friend Hudson spoke to them on the responsibility of the North in being the main support of Slavery, and their character as compared with, and tested by their own principles of Christianity and democracy.

Report said that our friend, the deacon, was abroad the next day, using his influence to close the church for the next evening. Be this, however, as it may, the doors were closed, and our meeting was held in the open air. Very soon after the commencement of the meeting, measures were taken to disturb us. Young persons were encouraged (by men who would fain be thought respectable) to annoy the meeting. Indeed they were supplied with fifes, bells, and a drum, which in so good a cause, they beat so lustily as to break it. The speaker had to retire to the hall of the "Westfield House," where a goodly number followed, and heard, attentively to the close, the music playing outside.

To the religious community of this village is this disorderly conduct chargeable. Had they opened their doors, and done their duty, attended the meeting, no such disgraceful conduct would have been witnessed in this village. But they scorned and despised the cause of the oppressed, because they feared their craft was in danger. When will the time come when those claiming to be Christians shall espouse the cause of their fellow-men, and cease to sneer at infidelity and infidels who possess more of the milk of human kindness than themselves.

THOMAS BURROWS.

Letter from E. D. Hudson.

DEAR BROTHER,—I have been in a very hard field for a week past, and have not obtained the number of subscribers to the Standard as heretofore.

In Arcade, the residence of the Liberty party candidate for Lt. Governor, I was unable to obtain a decent hearing. Before visiting this place my expectations of the people there had been greatly stimulated, by reports concerning the spirit of Christian philanthropy, and freedom that dwelt in the hearts of that people. But a more pro-slavery, sectarian, and partisan spirit I have not found in all of our sojournings in this region; every class of people appeared to be so wedded to party and sect, that they could listen to nothing of the truth; they were in so hardened, and an unimpressible state of mind that nothing could be done. One individual remarked, that, so much labour had been bestowed on that people, that their last state was worse than the first. A Baptist priest cried out, lustily, "Infidel, infidel," at which his dear, slaveholding lambs all fled. At Fredonia I held four meetings. The first one in the Presbyterian house, opened for the first time for the cause of suffering humanity. The second meeting was appointed there, and a very respectable audience gathered, but we were broken up by a few rowdies, filled with the spirit of inhumanity, claiming the house for a singing-school; the majority of the choir were possessed of sense of honour, and a spirit of courtesy enough to yield to us the use of the house, and accordingly left their choir. But a few, set on and strengthened by men laying claim to good breeding and to religion, encouraged the rowdies to hold on, and drive us away, which they did. There is a spirit in the place which will rebuke such conduct, as dishonourable and uncourteous, rather than endorse it.

Some agitation grew out of the affair, which will result in good to our cause; there are a few choice spirits here, who feel the importance of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, and are mourning over the corruption in Church and State which this question is developing. In Lavina, a respectable village, a mile or more from Fredonia, I held two meetings, which were large and cheering. A goodly number subscribed for the Standard, and a host responded to the doctrine of entire separation from all that's slaveholding; that, for the North to stay the spirit of darkness and despotism, now so far spreading, and oppressing those who have given it countenance and support, even, as well as the wretched slave. In this place, Westfield, I have held three meetings,—two in the open air, and one in the Presbyterian meeting-house. Friend Brown, when here before, held his last meeting in this house, but, from the conduct of a certain deacon, (the mouthpiece of the church, I am told,) who came to me complaining of brother Brown's application of his Anti-Slavery caustic, to the slaveholding fungnses of our land, and, at the same time, warning, beseeching, and threatening me, and then lending his influence to shut the house against the truth, I conclude that the house was opened, in the first place, with a view of thereby gaining a relief from the charges of truth which had been directed against them. There is a great uproar here to-day. All the moral artillery this place could raise, except stale eggs, (which were threatened,) was brought into use against us.

Well, anything but stagnation. Spasms and convulsions are indications of remaining life. I shall expect to hear of a revival here, and of many becoming renewed in their minds, and henceforth found thinking, talking, and labouring for their fellow-creatures, long enslaved. Where truth and error come in collision, we must expect agitation. The indications are good for this people: a lively discussion of the Anti-Slavery movements is going on; disunion and secession from all that's slaveholding, is the cry going forth from scores of men and brethren in this place. Nothing like the present interest was ever before manifested here. Tavern humanity *vs.* meeting-house religion. Mr. Kenyon, the keeper of the stage-house, opened his doors wide, and rang his bell loud and long for liberty and its friends.

The Church calls him an infidel. Well, this is the character of his infidelity—while the deacons and members of churches are giving all their countenance and support to the oppressor, and casting out the poor slave and his advocates, and thereby shutting out Jesus Christ, this infidel opens his doors freely, cheerfully, for them and their advocates; and "inasmuch as he does it unto them, he does it unto Christ." Such infidels I have reason to think to be nearer the Kingdom of Heaven, than deacons, who vote for slaveholders, justify their conduct, endorse their Christian character, and bolt and bar their meeting-house doors against bleeding, suffering humanity.

Thine for the Truth and Freedom,

E. D. HUDSON.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1846.

The Standard.

Our new subscribers perhaps do not understand that we have a number of contributors to the editorial columns of the Standard. Our list is not yet full, nor our plans entirely matured; so soon, however, as these arrangements are completed, we shall be enabled to acquaint our readers with precisely what they may expect for the future. In the meantime they will rest assured that some one or more of the contributors, who have been already named, are writing for every number of the paper.

Cassius M. Clay.

"Just for a handful of silver he left us."—R. BROWNING.

It was not for silver, nor gold, that he left us,
A bauble as idle, a folly as vain,
Newspaper praise and knaves have bereft us
Of one whom we never can trust in again:

Think of him, once in his seeming heart-bravery,
Coming to us with a vow in his mouth,
Never to bow to the minions of Slavery,
Renegade now, and a slave to the South!

Think of him, weep for him, all the true-hearted,
Baser than Judas, so seemingly bold;
Think of him, speak of him, ere he departed,
Just as the world of his promise was told.

Think of the jubilee on his appearing;
Think of his chance for immortal renown;
Think how we loved him, exulting and cheering,
Then think how our hopes he so soon trampled down.

Just for a name with the champions of Slavery;
Just for the plumes and the tinsel of war;
Just for the votes and rewardings of knavery;
This is the trash he deserted us for.

Think of him now, with a sword and a feather,
Leading banditti of slave-holding men,
[illegible]
With those who for freedom were wielding the pen.

O, what a name had been his in our history,
O, what a crown had encircled his brow,
Had he been true; but we look at the mystery,
We think of his promise, and look at him now.

Whether he fall by the sword of the foeman,
Whether he sleep in a peaceable grave,
Whether his effigy fall to the showman,
He'll be scorned by the good, and be cursed by the slave.

Think of him, look at him, fighting for Slavery,
He who so babbled of freedom and truth;
Look at his sword and the trappings of knavery,
Then think how we boasted his name and his youth.

Just for the name of a patriot to leave us,
Just for a bauble, a glittering toy;
Just when we needed him so to deceive us,
When we thought him a hero, to prove but a boy!

What shall we say when recounting his story,
What shall we call him now, honest and brave?
No, we will give him his own choice of glory,
"*The True American*," all he can crave.

Too true an American, talking so bravely,
Mob-led while talking of freedom, in sooth,
Prating of justice and fighting for Slavery,
Acting a falsehood while preaching a truth.

B.

General Taylor's Proclamation to the Mexicans.

While reading this document, we were again forcibly struck with that almost universal modesty which has already given us so high a rank among the nations of the earth. General Taylor commences his address by declaring, with a toleration which, in view of the manifold wrongs inflicted upon us by the Mexican Government, is truly admirable, that:—"After many years of patient endurance, the United States are at length constrained to acknowledge that a war now exists between our Government and the Government of Mexico." He proceeds, modestly, to refer to the rejection of our Minister to that country:—"Our late effort to terminate all difficulties by peaceful negotiation, has been rejected by the Dictator, Paredes, and our Minister been refused a hearing. He has been treated with indignity and insult, and Paredes has announced that war exists between us."

This is a striking example of our republican moderation,—of that characteristic disposition which we have always shown, to submit to the impositions of a weaker power, rather than resort to arms; while, at the same time, with any nation able to contend with us effectually, we should demand justice at the point of the bayonet. There is, plainly, on the part of the General, a total obliviousness of the immediate cause of this rejection, which renders the tone of his remarks on the course of the Mexican Government, altogether pardonable.

The following announcement is gratuitously vouchsafed to the Mexican nation:—"Your Government is in the hands of tyrants and usurpers. They have abolished your State Governments, they have overthrown your Federal Constitution, they have deprived you of the right of suffrage, destroyed the liberty of the press, despoiled you of your arms, and reduced you to a state of absolute dependence upon the power of a military Dictator."

Some might think the General had never been aware that such things as he laments occur nearer home. He does not appear to have learned that it is the opinion of some, who are not undistinguished for their knowledge in such matters, that our own Constitution has met with a similar fate—or, that any portion of our people are "deprived of the right of suffrage,"—that the press in this country has not enjoyed, and does not enjoy, "the largest liberty,"—or, that it is not the privilege of all classes of citizens, alike to bear arms in their own defence at pleasure. "The whole tenor of his Proclamation, implies our entire exemption from all misfortunes of this character." An imaginative person would readily suppose that he was one of those simple and unsophisticated gentlemen, who take the people at their word, and, who really believe that we do not live under one of the most odious of despotisms, where three millions of human slaves are deprived of all their dearest rights, and lie defenceless, and at the entire mercy of their oppressors. We, however, are of those who have a strong faith in the principle that continued lying results in convincing those who are guilty of this sin, of the truth of their own asseverations, and are the more inclined to the belief, as it affords a ready solution of a multitude of most unaccountable statements, which are continually put forth by our general and State executives, and trumpeted abroad in Fourth of July orations, and other patriotic effusions. It is in this state of forgetfulness that the General, deprecating the placing of "A European Prince upon the throne of Mexico," alleges of himself and his army, with a self-possession which we cannot but esteem wonderful, under the circumstances:

"We come to obtain reparation for repeated wrongs and injuries; we come to obtain indemnity for the past, and security for the future; we come to overthrow the tyrants who have destroyed your liberties, but we come to make no war upon the people of Mexico, nor upon any form of free government they may choose to select for themselves."

The General and his army appear to constitute no exception to the rule which obtains so widely in this country, of a decent exclusiveness toward all those who are vulgarly descended from any but genteel ancestry. Taking this view, it would be impossible to convict them of inconsequence to their principles, when they declare their commiseration of those whose "long lost wives and children" have been borne into distant captivity, among the "savage Camanches," while, at the same time, their hearts are unmoved by pity for the like sufferings of those most wretched thousands in that region, through which they, themselves, have so lately passed, whose dearest ties of affection are daily sundered, without remorse, and whose wives and daughters are shamelessly borne to the farther South, silent victims to the avarice and lust of their ruffian oppressors. The sympathy of the General and his army, is rather for the Greeks abroad, than for "the Greeks who are at their door." This sentiment, indeed, has been a ruling passion with the nation, from time immemorial, and a manifestation of it at this time is not a matter of surprise.

We have seen frequent statements, on the part of those who are waging this war against Mexico, that the people of that nation are as imbecile in body as in mind, and that consequently, little opposition need be apprehended to the advances of the "republican army," which may confidently be expected to go on from conquest to conquest, until the whole of that unfortunate people are emancipated from the yoke of their oppressors. This being the case, it is not supposable that that inconsiderable portion of the army who might, under other circumstances, experience the fears which flesh is heir to, (if, indeed, any such individuals there be,) can, by any possibility, be

"Made to give up, like saints complete,
The arm of flesh and trust the feet,
And work, like Christians undissembling,
Salvation out in fear and trembling;"

But, on the contrary, with that alluring bait, the privilege of sacking the Mexican churches,—that object so stimulating to minds governed by generous impulses, of being made the unworthy instruments by which the "gold and silver vessels" which abound in them may be appropriated to better uses, we may confidently anticipate that these patriots will be enabled to maintain a considerable degree of equanimity in view of the dangers with which they may from time to time, be menaced. It is not, of course, to be supposed that the soldiers who have enlisted in the army, have, for a moment, been the dupes of any protestations whatever concerning the inviolability of that species of property, protestations which it seems to be expected the simple Mexicans are artless enough to believe. The frequent hints which the public have received through the press, of the rewards which await the fidelity of our soldiery, are, to the initiated, sufficient proof to the contrary.

Seriously, however, the occasional desertions, news of which has reached us, (and we may reasonably suppose that an exact account of all such has not been transmitted in the official despatches,) are convincing proof that there are some poor fellows in that army whose human hearts shudder at the thought of plundering and ravishing a weak and almost defenceless nation, and whose souls are revolted at the brazen hypocrisy which, while ostensibly exerting itself to enlarge the "area of freedom," is labouring to spread, over a free soil, a slavery infinitely more iniquitous and abominable than any under which its inhabitants have ever suffered. We have seen some of these men on the eve of their embarkation, and their spiritless and dejected appearance testified to the truth of our suspicion.

After the quotations which we have given, our readers will not be surprised at the climax, of effrontery which forms the conclusion of this Proclamation, so essentially American in its character:

"Mexicans, we must treat as enemies and overthrow the tyrants, who whilst they have wronged and insulted us, have deprived you of your liberty, but the Mexican people, who remain neutral during the contest, shall be protected against their military despots, by the republican army of the Union."

Peace with Mexico.

The gratifying intelligence has been received from Washington within the week past that a serious effort is to be made by the Government of the United States to bring about a speedy adjustment of the difficulties between it and Mexico; or more properly speaking, as there is no real difficulty between the parties, this Government is about to propose a termination of her invasion of the sister Republic. The American Consul at the city of Mexico has given the President to understand that that Government is anxious for peace, and a special embassy is about to be sent from Washington to bring about that event. Mr. Polk knows no more now, than he did when Mr. Slidell returned from Mexico as Minister Plenipotentiary, but it did not suit the slave power at that time that peace should be preserved. On this point we have the following testimony on the authority of the Tribune:

On the 30th of August, of last year, Mr. Secretary Buchanan was written to from this city, and the wishes of the Government of Mexico proposed to be communicated; they were declared to be received, and the Consul in Mexico was written to, instead, to sound the Mexican Government; the result was the appointment of Mr. Slidell, who went on his mission without knowing the wishes of Mexico on the subject of the question to be arranged.

Mexico then was desirous of adjusting all disputes, and would not receive Mr. Slidell, simply because she wished that a Commissioner with full powers should be sent, and because the sending of any other Ambassador was an insult to her in the then existing relations of the two Governments. Such a person, clothed with such power, did not go because an open rupture with Mexico was precisely the thing which Mr. Polk and his advisers desired, and because they did not choose to know, if they did not know, what was the real disposition of Mexico. The slaveholders were not satisfied with Texas as she was. The boundary of the Nueces was not far enough south. They wanted to extend it to the Rio Grande. The people in the district of country between the two rivers preferred to maintain their allegiance to their own Government, and could not be brought to revolt, and declare their independence in the name of liberty, and demand Annexation to the United States for the purpose of extending Slavery. There was nothing left but to conquer them. Probably the slave-power is satisfied with the acquisition already made. A peace with Mexico will only be accepted on condition that she makes the Rio Grande her northern border, even if a slice south of that river is not demanded of her. Mr. Polk knows very well how to play his hand. The Mexican war is becoming unpopular. The passage of the Tariff bill makes the poor Northern beast growl a little that this bone is snatched away from her. The slaveholders, on the other hand have gained their point. Not only have they acquired Texas, but they will have come into possession of certain other rich provinces of their weak neighbor, whose rich soil invites them to leave the barren waste of the once fair country which Slavery has made a desert. Texas, from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, and perhaps a few leagues beyond, will answer their purpose for the present. They can afford to postpone the "revel" in "those halls" to a more convenient opportunity, while at the same time they will gild the bitter pill which the Northern manufacturers are swallowing with such wry faces, by an apparent concession to the demand that an end be put to the war, and tranquillity, and prosperity be restored to the country.

It is supposed that Mexico will also relinquish the Californias to the United States for such a consideration as will be offered. It does not much matter to the slaveholders whether she does or not, as they mean to gain possession of these provinces by some means. They are already, or nearly ready to become independent of Mexico, and our sovereign means that they shall belong to us. The new method of robbery-made-easy, annexation, will do away with any slight obstacles there may be in the path. There is now on one of the islands in this harbour, a regiment preparing to go to California. If Mexico will not sell her provinces, there is a cheaper, as sure, and almost as short a way of obtaining them. We have the whole secret in the following letter which has some how found its way to the public:

WAR DEPARTMENT, June 26th, 1846.

SIR:—The President having determined to send a regiment of volunteers around Cape Horn to the Pacific, to be employed in prosecuting hostilities to some part of Mexico, probably in Upper California, has authorized me to say, that if you will organize one on the conditions hereinafter specified, and tender its services, it would be accepted. It is proper it should be done with the consent of the Governor of New-York. The President expects that great care should be taken to have it composed of suitable persons—I mean of good habits—as far as practicable of various pursuits, *and such as would be likely to remain at the end of the war, either in Oregon, or in any other territory in that region of the Globe, which may then* be a part of the United States. The act of the 13th of May authorizes the acceptance of volunteers for twelve months, or during the war with Mexico. The condition of acceptance in this case must be a tender of service during the war, and it must be explicitly understood that they may be discharged without a claim for returning home wherever they may be serving at the termination of the war, providing it is in the THEN territory of the United States, or may be taken to the nearest territory belonging to the United States, and there discharged.

The men must be apprised that their term of service is for the war—that they are to be discharged as above specified, and that they are to be employed on a distant service. *It is, however, very desirable that it should not be publicly known or proclaimed that they are to go to any particular place.* On this point great caution is enjoined.

The communications to the officers and men must go so far as to remove all just grounds of complaint that they have been deceived in the nature and the place of the service.

It is expected that the regiment will be ready to embark as early as the first of August next, if practical steps will be immediately taken to provide for their transportation.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. L. MARCY, Sec'ry of War.

COL. STEVENSON, New-York City.

It is just possible that the orders to ship this regiment may be countermanded in the event of peace. But as peace cannot be concluded immediately, and as these military emigrants can be put to so obvious a use, we think it probable that they will be allowed to go, on the plea that the war is not yet finished, and that they may be needed.

The Randolph Slaves.

The liberated negroes of the late Mr. Randolph have been prevented from forming a settlement in any part of Ohio, and are to be scattered about wherever places can be obtained for them. *This is a striking commentary upon the abolition philanthropists of that State.*

We cut this paragraph from the *Evening Mirror*, as a specimen of the spirit of the pro-slavery press of the North. This ridiculous and base slander commenced at the South, as far South, we believe, as New Orleans, and the North, obedient as she always is to the dictation of her masters, hastens to give the echo. The people who have so cruelly treated these poor strangers are of that very class who would as readily mob Abolitionists as negroes, and for the same reason—they hate the slave. It is owing to the Abolitionists that the indignation against these persons in Ohio is so general, and could the negroes have been taken to any part of the Northern States where the Abolitionists exert an immediate influence, they would be kindly treated, and everything done to make their condition comfortable, and their future prospects encouraging. Even the *Mirror* would never have made this *ad captandum* appeal to the Anti-Abolitionist feeling were it not that the Abolitionists have created a public sentiment which is in favor of the slave. Six years ago had such an occasion happened, the papers of the *Mirror's* class would have raised an outcry not because the emancipated slaves were not received, but because they were sent. Such remarks, then, after all, are only proofs, among the hundreds that are occurring daily, that the Anti-Slavery cause is doing its work upon the people.

The Church North.

A writer in *Zion's Herald*, the Rev. Granville Moody, of Columbus, Ohio, thus describes the missionary certificate of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Society:

"On the right of the foreground a negro man, woman, and boy, are represented as kneeling, and with outstretched hands, asking for the Word of Life. On the ground beside them lay a *broken chain*, and its scattered links, designed to symbolize the termination of their involuntary servitude; a *sword broken in twain* indicated the results of Messiah's reign in the termination of those feuds and wars by which the African race had been so much despoiled; and the heavy, *long-lashed whip* of the slaveholder—the terrible and appropriate symbol of the system of Slavery—also lay broken at their side. These mementos of the evils suffered by the African race were peculiarly significant, and pointed the bright eye of Hope to the period when no longer

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."

He adds, however, "that shortly before the late General Conference, *those symbols were chisseled out of the engraving.*" We are heartily glad of it. Anything is better than hypocrisy. We can deal with the Church the easier when she shall confess herself a sham.

California.

The St. Louis *Missouri Reporter*, of the 1st instant, publishes a long letter from R. Semple, of California, whom the Tribune says is a brother of the Hon. James Semple, United States Senator from Illinois, and prospective Governor of Oregon. He does not give a very flattering account of the country. Speaking of farming, he says:

While on this subject, I will speak of the labour to be performed. A farmer who is fitted with sufficient teams and farming utensils, may employ as many Indians as he pleases for nothing but their victuals, and that very cheap, and about two shirts and a pair of pantaloons of the coarsest kind. He may keep them while he wants them, which is only at seed-time and harvest, and then send them to their villages again for the remainder of the year. They are about half as good as the negroes in Missouri with good looking after. So that a farmer with a capital of four or five hundred dollars, can raise and gather about as much grain as the Missourian with forty negroes. The Indians know nothing of the use of the axe, but they are good ditchers, and ditches are the only fences we have.

We published some months since an extract from a California letter in the Newburyport Herald which will serve to explain the above paragraph. The two taken together are a pretty good vidence of what the condition of the labourer is, or is likely to be in California. This extract is worth reading again:

If one be in favor of free labor, the simple and docile aborigine can be hired for fifteen or twenty dollars per annum, or if the emigrant have no conscientious scruples in regard to slavery, *he may capture by the assistance of one or two whites, a whole village of natives, and transport the community to his haciendo, or select such as may suit his fancy, or serve his purpose, and having once reduced them to his power, they become his property for life, and he can pursue and take them in any part of the country, and from whomsoever may presume to employ them (!!).* They live on insects and vermin and a few wild fruits in their native ranges; subjected to the control of the white man, supplied with a modicum of the coarsest food, and clothing enough to *partially* cover their nakedness, they become the willing and obedient slaves of their master while it is his pleasure to retain them. They are excellent shepherds and herdsmen, and patient, tractable field labourers, *and less burdensome than African slaves; for when old and useless, they can be sent back to their native villages, to live on the charity of their tribes (!!)*

There! is not that a captivating picture of the spread of Anglo-Saxon civilization, and the ameliorating effect of the Christian institutions of the United States!—There is a good deal of evidence in Mr. Semple's letter that the people of California are utterly lawless, and so much that agrees with the character of the above extract that we do not doubt its truth.

Mr. Semple is deserving of the favourable notice of our Government, and if his brother is to be appointed Governor of Oregon, he should receive the office of the governor of California. As he says in his letter—"I *bought a horse this morning that the man is to steal for me in a day or two*," he seems to be eminently qualified to represent the sovereignty of the United States.

P. S. Since the above was in type, we observe that a bill which has passed the House authorizing the President to negotiate with Mexico, prohibits Slavery in California in case it should be acquired. We shall see.

"AN UNPLEASANT OCCURRENCE."—The Richmond (Va.) correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer & Gazette* relates what he calls an "unpleasant occurrence," which happened in that city recently. A man who has a number of hired negroes in his employ was about to whip one of them for some slight offence, when the rascal, knowing what was his master's disposition, begged to be hung instead. "This, of course, would not answer, and on tying the negro's hands behind him in the usual manner, the employer went in to another room to procure his cowhide, when the negro, taking advantage of his absence, rushed from the room, jumped into the river, and was drowned." Such reckless conduct on the part of the negro, involving as it does the loss of some hundreds of dollars, cannot be too severely condemned.

NO SLAVERY IN OREGON.—A bill has passed both houses of Congress for the Territorial Government of that portion of Oregon which the United States has accepted from Great Britain out of the whole territory to which the dominant party declared our title was "clear and unquestionable." By it Slavery is prohibited. This is another straw to tickle the North with. Slavery could not have existed in Oregon, for if settled at all it will be by emigrants from the North. The South can very easily afford to be generous, and prohibit Slavery where she did not care to have it, and where it would not be whether she wanted it or not. Will she prohibit it in any of the Mexican provinces where it does not now exist? To ask the question is to ask whether there is a war with Mexico.

"PETER FUNKS."—So much has been said in the city daily papers about these gentry, that we have hardly supposed it possible that there could be anybody ignorant of their character. Two instances have come to our knowledge within a few months—one of them this week—when two persons, one an agent for this paper, and the other a former lecturing agent for the Massachusetts Society, have been taken in at these mock auctions. We will state, therefore, for the benefit of the unwary, that along the lower part of Broadway, in Wall street, Chatham street, and other places, there are small establishments, purporting to be auction stores, where all sorts of goods, and particularly jewelry, are exposed for sale at auction, and the voice and hammer of the auctioneer are constantly heard. These places always have some half dozen hangers-on, who are in league with the auctioneer to entice strangers into their shops, and not only sell them brass watches and tinsel jewelry, at cheap prices for the real goods, but really exorbitant ones for the sham; or else knock off to them such gold articles as they keep for such a purpose, which are never delivered, but instead, the purchaser is bullied or befooled into paying a bonus to get rid of his bargain. In the case which occurred this week, our friend, who is an unsuspecting man, bid off a watch at a certain price, being induced to do so by one of the company, who offered him twelve dollars for the key attached, if he bought the watch. When the sale was completed, his good friend had disappeared, and not having money to pay for the whole purchase without that which he was to receive for the key, the auctioneer, by threats, obliged him to pay a dollar or two to be let off from his bargain.

The other case was harder still. Our friend bid off, for $50, a trunk of jewelry, cutlery, &c. which, on examination, he found not to be worth $5. If our country friends are desirous of being cheated when they come to the city, if they will call at the office we can direct them to a great many places in Broadway and Wall street, where it will be done in a much more respectable and legal way, and they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have got some little else beside their experience.

Extinction of Slavery in Peru.

A letter in the Journal of Commerce contains the following paragraph. The state of society in Peru is much the same as in other South American States, but in that essential of progress, a growing love of freedom, they are evidently in advance of our own country:

ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN PERU.—Slavery is approaching its extinction in Peru. The 152d article of the Constitution declares that no one shall be born a slave in the Republic, and extends this provision back to 1820. Consequently, for the last twenty-six years, all have been born free. The Constitution also declares that every slave imported from other countries shall be free the moment he touches the soil of Peru; and it deprives of citizenship any one who shall engage in this traffic. This provision of the Constitution has been enforced with more energy, perhaps, than any other. No aspirant or usurper has dared to trample on it.

☞ We copy the following paragraph from the Boston Transcript:

A GROCERY ON A NEW PLAN.—A friend called upon us yesterday vehement in his encomium upon a system of economy lately carried into effect by an association of working-men in Boston. This new philanthropic scheme has developed itself in a store on the second story of Boylston Hall—a grocery to supply articles to the families of working-men at wholesale prices. Its originators and others who form the association, pay three dollars each a week as a first fee, and then twenty-five cents per month as a regular subscription. They then guarantee to each member three dollars a week in case of illness, investing the common fund in groceries, allowing the members only to purchase articles almost at cost. The society save the profits of the retailer, buying the stock at wholesale prices and selling at a trifling advance. This Boston association may be termed the *parent* society. It has branches already established in some of the near towns, and numbers in itself nearly two hundred members. The store is open on the afternoons and evenings of Wednesdays and Saturdays, and its plan certainly is both novel and useful. The association is called "The Working-men's Protective Union," and our friend who informs us of it says it will certainly maintain the sterling motto—"*United, we stand.*"

We think this the best and most hopeful associated movement that we have yet heard of. It is plain and practical, and its evident wisdom cannot fail to commend it to the good sense of all classes. It holds out no hope to the indolent of a blissful state of all play and no work, and promises no Utopian condition of labour in white kid gloves and silk stockings to the soft music of Æolian harps; but only offers help to the labourer, and places him in a condition where he may receive the fruits of his labour. To persons in cities such a plan of association offers very great advantages. In the little groceries they are obliged to pay from fifty to a hundred per cent. above the wholesale price on almost all the necessaries of life which they purchase there in very small quantities, and as they need them for daily use.

All this money can be saved by such a plan as that adopted in Boston, while the articles of consumption themselves will be at least, one hundred per cent. better in quality. The man who would go about in our cities and large towns, and preach the principles of such associations, and establish them among those who need them, would do very great immediate practical good, and

would diffuse and bring into general use all the good that will result from associated action, and do away with many of the evils of our present social condition.

☞ The *Herkimer Freeman* has again made its appearance among our exchanges, somewhat enlarged, and still under the care of its former editor.

THE PEACE WITH MEXICO which the Government of the United States is expecting to conquer, is said to be the *piece* on the other side of the Rio Grande.

☞ A writer in the Ohio *Bugle* says of the "old organized" Abolitionists: "My impression is that they are doing up a similar work to that of John the Baptist.—They are preparing the way for the Liberty party by correcting public sentiment"!

They may be a John the Baptist, but Liberty party is the Judas, not the Jesus whose coming is heralded.

VETOES.—Mr. Polk has vetoed the Bill for the Improvement of Rivers and Harbours, and the French Spoliation Bill.

☞ Congress adjourned on the 10th instant.

Notes on New Books.

Life of Nathaniel Greene, Major-General in the Army of the American Revolution. By Geo. W. Greene, late American Consul at Rome. Boston: Little & Brown: 1846.

This forms the tenth volume of the second series of Spark's Library of American Biography. The author complains of the ingratitude of his countrymen who have erected no monument in honor of his illustrious grandsire, and states that even the place of his sepulchre has been forgotten. This is remarkable, but we do not think it any evidence of ingratitude. Americans differ from all other nations in their manner of displaying their gratitude to those who are considered public benefactors. We erect no brazen effigies or marble pillars to commemorate their names and virtues, but we christen our towns and counties after them, a much cheaper and more enduring testimonial. General Greene has had his full share of topographical honors. There is hardly a State in the Union without its Greene. In England they reverse this plan, and name their great warriors after their towns, here we name our towns after our warriors. In all Britain there is but one little town of Wellington,—but we have one hundred and sixty Washingtons, and one hundred and ten Jacksons. Major Ringgold is scarcely cold and they have already changed the name of a town in Pennsylvania from Lafayette to Ringgold. It is sad to think of the Taylorvilles that will disfigure the next edition of the famous cerographic maps.

Mc Kenney's Memoirs and Travels, and the Wrongs and Rights of the Indians. 2 Vols. New-York: Paine & Burgess: 1846.

This exceedingly handsome book contains exactly the kind of merit which we should least expect in a work of the kind. It is the best illustrated book that has issued from the American Press. Saving a lithographic portrait of the author, the illustrations are of a very high order; they are from drawings by Darley, of Philadelphia, very finely engraved on wood, and well printed. Col. Mc Kinney is a gallant man, and he has dedicated each of his volumes to a lady; the first one to the last of the Dollies, Mrs. Madison, and the other to Mrs. Saunders, of Salem. The work contains much valuable information in respect to our Indian affairs, and many exciting descriptions of the author's adventures.

He proves very clearly, by documentary evidence, that those lawless despots, who hold the reins of Government at Washington, and who are sometimes called the servants of the people, are a set of unmitigated rascals. This is no news to us, but we are all the time falling into a state of forgetfulness, and vainly imagine that we live in a free country because we read so in the newspapers every morning. It requires a book like Col. Mc Kenney's now and then to wake us up.

The Heroines of Shakspeare, with Letter-Press Illustrations, by Mrs. Jameson; embracing an entire reprint of her Characteristics of Women. From the last London Edition. New-York: Wiley & Putnam: 1846.

This is the first number of a new serial, to be published monthly. The engravings are impressions from the original plates, executed by various artists, under the direction of Charles Heath, who appears to have been sent into this world for the express and sole purpose of publishing ideal illustrations of imaginary ladies. The present number of this delicate work contains three heads, Portia, Beatrice, and Miranda; the two first from drawings by J. W. Wright, and the last by John Hayter.—Portia was above the power of the artist, but the other two come very near to the Shaksperian standard. In London they were published without the letter-press, which is a free gift of the American publisher. The work displays the highest degree of elegance which our bibliopolists have yet reached, and we have no doubt will become a popular ornament for the centre-table, as well as a valuable addition to the bibliotheke.

French Domestic Cookery, combining elegance with economy; describing new culinary instruments and processes; the management, &c. &c. &c. in 1200 receipts, with many engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers: 1846.

We noticed, last week, Miss Beecher's new cookery book, which we pronounced the best that had been published in this country; but then the volume before us was not out. This is only superior to that in being a collection of French receipts, for after a good many years of eating and drinking, we are as thoroughly infested with the gallomania in everything that relates to the table as Mons. Michelet himself. The editor of the English edition of this work says, it is shown that the French system is less costly than the English; while its simplicity is only equalled by its variety. However, we had better say nothing about simplicity, as Lady Teazle said of honor; but there can be no doubt that economy is characteristic of the French kitchen. Mons. Ude, who is high authority, says, it is a mistaken notion that good cookery is expensive; on the contrary it is the cheapest; by good cookery, Monsieur means, making the most of everything; by bad, the least.

The author of this book has as contemptible an opinion of the English kitchen as Mons. Michelet of the English character. "The English *Cuisine*," he says, "is composed of an inconsiderable number of dishes, with comparatively little variety. The meats are mostly roasted; few vegetables are eaten; they are cooked with salt and water only, and are served up with melted butter or white sauce in a sauce bowl." This is all dreadfully true, as we know.

Among the receipts we find one for making a kind of soup, called *chotodriec*, which is borrowed from Poland. We copy it for its novelty and because it appears to be admirably adapted to the present condition of the weather. The lumps of ice in it must make it a pleasant soup for July, but it would be invaluable to a heroic eater, like General Scott, who consumes an hour in taking a hasty plate of soup:

"Boil a quart of marinaded cucumbers with sufficient dough to make a paste; when it is cold, stir into it a quart of curded milk. Boil, also, in water, a young beet root chopped finely, and put it into the soup with some of its liquor to color it. Cut four hard boiled eggs into slices, and finely cut some chives and fennel, some meat of Cray fish, and some slices of cucumbers. Serve without bread, but with pieces of ice in it."

"French Domestic Cookery" is translated from a work recently published in Paris, called, "*La Cuisinière de la Campagn et de la Ville; ou, Nouvelle Cuisine Economique.*"

Poverty: its illegal causes, and legal cure: Part 1st. By Lysander Spooner. Boston: Bela Marsh: 1846.

The defect of Mr. Spooner's mind and the fallacy of his logic, are easily discerned in the title of his book. The causes of poverty are not illegal, but legal, and its cure must not be by legal, but by natural agencies. He is a lawyer, and he would apply the principle of Hahneman, *similia similibus curanter* to moral, as well as to physical diseases. In this mode of cure we have no faith. The evils caused by law must be cured by abolition of law, and not by amendments. Mr. Spooner, we believe, is one of those half and half reformers, known as Liberty-party men. He has evidently no faith in the power of God to govern his people, but thinks that man must govern man. We fully agree with his proposition, regarding the injury of usury laws, but in nothing else.

Bell's Life of Canning. Modern British Plutarch. Nos. 16 17 of Harpers' New Miscellany.

The first of these volumes is a really delightful book, the author was fully equal to his subject, which is just far enough removed from the present time to be handled without personal prejudices, and near enough to engage our sympathies. Mr. Bell has rather given the life of a literary man than of a political leader, and, in truth, Canning's fame rests mainly upon his literary efforts. His needy Knife-Grinder is more widely known than any of his speeches or political measures, and his conduct towards his mother outshines all the political acts of his life. He was rather a fortunate man than a great one, and so he will be esteemed by the readers of Mr. Bell's book. The second of these books is altogether unworthy a place in this popular series; it is feebly written and meagre in its details; but worse than all the selection of names shows an utter lack of judgment on the part of the author. He has but an indifferent taste for greatness. To think of such names as Canning, Crabbe, Clive, and Eldon, in a modern Plutarch! But, there are poorer names than these in this strange collection. There are Warren Hastings, William Pitt, Wilkie, Wellesley, and, O, Plutarch! Brinsley Sheridan. The author has put Franklin among his British worthies; we wonder at his not including Washington, Adams, and Fisher Ames.

Blackwood for July.—This is the first No of the 23d volume of this popular magazine, the best article in it is that on Peru, which we read with great interest at this moment, from the fact that slavery is near its extinction in that country, and as we learn something of the character and habits of the people.

To Correspondents.

A. K. F. We will explain the apparent neglect in our first letter, if indeed any other is needed, than they neglect themselves in whose power it is to state all the facts, rather than that we neglect them when our opportunities of knowledge are so very limited, and we have no other organ than they have. We know that an editor is expected to know everything, and we humbly endeavour to fill that modest station. We have 'nt yet learned to be every where also, but we mean to begin as soon as we are a little more at leisure.

R. Plumer, of Newburyport. His letter is received. We do not publish it because it would probably lead to a lengthened discussion foreign to the purpose of the organ of the American Society, and for which we have no room to spare. We, however, here state, for the information of all persons interested, that R. Plumer reiterates the charges he has heretofore made against M. H. Barton, of adultery and swindling, and offers to prove them if called upon to do so. Barton's letter we published last week, because he represented himself an injured man, and as such we thought he had the right of being heard once in his own defence. Here we must leave the matter for those who take an interest in it to decide between the parties. Mr. Plumer, we trust, will be satisfied that we have done all we properly can without rendering ourselves liable to an action for libel.

C. and J. M. S. Their letter is received, and our reasons we trust will appear satisfactory to them.

S. P. of P. We shall take the liberty of publishing the latter portion of his letter next week.

E. P. B. The subject of his letter has long been under consideration, and some final decision respecting it will be made in the course of a week.

J. R. L. will understand why he is delayed until next week. We have forwarded to C. where he will find, on his return, a package from which we trust he will draw great satisfaction. We will explain farther by letter.

F. H. G. will hear from us soon.

F. H. will observe that his letter is received. The former letter of E. H. reached its destination. Many and and pressing cares must be the apology for all.

P. M. at C. Ia. Such a letter cannot be franked. He can, however, send us an order on the Postmaster here by advising him to that effect.

M. S. S. His interesting letter shall appear next week. We regret that it reached us so late that we could not insert it without delaying the paper.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: The Good Samaritan; Never Fear; The Conservative; Sonnet. *Miscellany*: Toussaint, (continued); The Present and the Future; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery*: A Most Lovely Feature of the recent Revival in Charleston, South Carolina. *Selections*: Reward of Merit; Mexico and Texas; A Free Boy reduced to Slavery, and living twenty years a Slave; Letter from Wm. T. Allan; W. R. Richardson, vs. Beebee; Penitent Confession; Ripley Presbytery; Charles G. Atherton; The Slave Power—Consequences of *Cottoning* to it in the North. *Communications*: Letter from the South.

SECOND PAGE.—Letter from Thomas Burrows; First of August in Bath; Address; Letter from E. D. Hudson.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Six Days Later from Europe.

The steamer Great Britain arrived at this port on Monday morning. She brings London dates to the 24th and Liverpool to the 25th ultimo, but her news is of little consequence.

The prospect in regard to the crops is favorable, excepting that the rot has already appeared in the potatoe, in Ireland.

The American provision market continued tolerably steady.

Large quantities of flour were constantly arriving from the United States and Canada, and prices were low.

Sir John Russell has completed and submitted his plan for remodeling the sugar duties, which is briefly as follows:

"The colonial duty of 14s. per cwt. is to continue as at present. The existing duty on foreign free labour sugar is 23s. 4d. It is to be at once reduced to 21s. and is to apply equally to *all* foreign sugar, free as well as slave grown. A scale of duties is to extend over five years, dropping in the first year a shilling, in the second eighteen-pence, in the third the same, in the fourth the same, in the fifth the same, at the end of which time all distinction between colonial and foreign sugar is to cease."

The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, during Mr. McLane's recent visit to that city, addressed him a complimentary and congratulatory letter on the settlement of the Oregon boundary.

Wilmer & Smith's European Times says that a new iron steamer, called the "Sarah Sands," is nearly ready to sail for New-York, as a regular packet between this port and Liverpool.

The Cobden fund already amounts to nearly £50,000; the house of Brown, Shipley, & Co. American merchants, of Liverpool, contributed $5,000.

There is some difficulty among the repealers. The young Ireland party, who are more enthusiastic as to the attaining of Repeal, are at loggerheads with the views propounded by the Liberator and the great majority of the association. Smith O'Brien has espoused the cause of the former, and, in fact, declared against the Liberator.

France is interested in a canvass for the new Chamber of Deputies.

Spain is engrossed in intrigues respecting the marriage of the young Queen.

The friends of the new Constitution of Switzerland has been adopted in Council by a vote of 88 to 9.

The New Pope.—The German journals relate numerous instances of the Christian humility of the new Pope. "His cook," (says one of these journals,) "one day served for his dinner seven different dishes; Pius IX. sent for him, and told him that when cardinal he never had more than three, and that he would not now change his habit. His Holiness has reduced almost all the expenses of his household. Four thousand Roman scudis, which were annually spent in rare plants, have been cut off from the Budget, and half of the horses of the pontifical stables have been sold."

From the New Orleans Tropic, July 28.

Interesting from Mexico and Yucatan.

Captain Levy, from Tobasco, left there on the 13th instant, as bearer of dispatches to our Government. Captain Levy sailed from Tobasco in the Spanish brig Manuilita, bound to Havana, and was taken off the brig by the tow-boat Mary Kingsland, eighty miles from the bar. Captain Levy states, that at the time he left Tobasco, news was current from Pechucalio, that the Department had declared for Santa Anna and Federalism, in conjunction with several other Departments, the Governors of which had no interest except to rob the agriculturists of their labour. On the 1st instant, the Commanding General Palasa marched with all his forces to put down the revolt; he had with him one hundred and fifty men. It was supposed the troops would join the revolutionists against the Government, as they were without pay or provisions, except what they forced from the Monarchists. Don Manuel Escappi and Don M. Pagio went among the merchants, begging for money to support the officers and troops, to keep them from robbing the poor people.

It is stated that Tobasco could easily be taken by our gun-boats. They should not draw over nine feet of water, as there are but ten on the bar, at the mouth of the river on which Tobasco is situated. There are no fortifications until you arrive at Accachapas, which is six miles from Tobasco, where there is a small fort, containing three 24-pounders and one 12-pounder on a small round breastwork. At Tobasco, they have two brass 4-pounders, and twelve carronades without carriages. All the troops had left the city, leaving the ignorant citizens in charge of the military defences. All the arms and ammunition have been collected together from the Indian villages, so that no opposition could be made to the forced contributions made upon them by the Central Government.

Captain Levy also speaks highly condemnatory of the course Yucatan is, as a neutral Government, pursuing toward our own. He states that the people of Yucatan are bitter enemies of the Americans, and that they lend their flag to Mexicans to protect their property from our fleet.

In Campeachy, the five-star flag is not allowed to be raised. When the U. S. brig Somers visited that place, the inhabitants rose in commotion, because the Mexican flag was not displayed from the ramparts of the city. It is supposed the Campeachanos are playing our Government false, as it is well known that the principal merchants of Yucatan are opposed to the late war with Mexico, and have continued to use every exertion to put down the Yucatan Government and restore the Mexican rule.

It is represented as a fault that our Consuls are not giving true statements to our Government, they being all foreigners, and generally natives of the country, with no feelings or sympathies with the people of the United States. To subdue Mexico, it is thought to be necessary to watch Yucatan, as the Government officers and others say that Great Britain will protect them from any attack from the United States. It is urged that our Consuls should have a salary, and not be permitted to embark in any commercial transactions whatever.

"Left at Tobasco the French bark Victoria, from Bordeaux, 5 Mexican schooners, 1 French and 1 Bremen brig, names unknown; no men of war of any nation. The Mexican schooner Annetta arrived the 13th from Alvarado, passed the U. S. brig Somers and schooner Flirt, blockading the mouth of Alvarado: she reports that some warm correspondence had been carried on between Commodore Conner and a Spanish commander at Vera Cruz, in consequence of allowing Mexican vessels, under Yucatan papers, to enter the port of Alvarado, and leave without molestation, at the same time preventing foreign vessels entering any port. They finally concluded an amicable settlement that no vessels should enter any of the Mexican ports."

The above statements are important, and have all the appearance of being strictly correct. The charges brought against Yucatan are serious, and should be investigated. There is no confidence to be placed in these Mexican revolutionists: they exist in one form only so long as it is profitable; if the people of Yucatan find it to their interest to join Mexico, they will no doubt do it.

General Items.

Moral Influence of the Gallows.—Rev. Mr. Soule, in his excellent lecture on the "Moral results of Potter's Execution," brought out one point connected with capital punishment in a very happy manner. It was this: if capital punishment has a good moral influence upon society, why are *armed soldiers* called out to preserve order among those who crowd round the gallows during the execution?

It would seem that the good influences upon society would be manifest at the time of the execution, if ever—but experience has shown that the worst passions are excited under the gallows upon which a condemned man is dying, and it always becomes necessary to call out armed men to prevent scenes of violence and general riot.

In this connection we would ask the reason why your Legislature was obliged to pass a supplementary act providing that executions shall be in *private*? If the choking a man to death, for crime, has a moral influence upon society, why not have the act as public as possible, so as to give the people the benefit of it? But we all know the reason of *private* executions—the evil tendencies of public executions has been such as to force the legislature to make a law providing that they shall be in private.—*Hartford Times.*

Slaveholding Minister.—Rev. Mr. Hutchinson stated at the convention at Southampton on Saturday, that the Congregational minister of Cornwall, Vt. the Rev. Mr. Magill, was now a slaveholder; holding slaves in Georgia, we believe—and that he was in full fellowship with the Congregational Association! Is not this shameful! A robber of all the rights of his fellow-man, a preacher of *righteousness*, and of the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ, who was himself sent to preach "*deliverance to the captive.*"—*Hampshire Herald.*

Negro Traders and Baptist Churches.—The Richmond, (Va.) Religious Herald says:

"The Baptist churches in this city would not receive a negro trader into their membership; and would exclude any of their members who should engage in such traffic. And the same remark, we believe, may safely be made with reference to all evangelical churches in this city." *Vermont Chronicle.*

Potato Disease.—We regret to state, in confirmation of our announcement last week, that the potato crop is now ascertained to be diseased beyond a doubt. The plague spot is showing itself not only in the vicinity of this city, but through various parts of the Province.—*St. John Courier.*

Liberation of Slaves.—We learn that thirty-three negro slaves, from the Eastern part of Virginia, recently liberated at the death of their master, arrived in town a few days ago, and were to have proceeded yesterday on board the Dominion, to Ohio, their new destination. We learn, likewise, that their liberator purchased for them a farm in Ohio, to which they are going.—*Colonization Herald.*

Escape of Slaves.—The Yarmouth (N. S.) Courier says, that Capt. Kelley, of the brig Troy, states, that on the 24th ultimo, while on the voyage homeward from St. Lucia, Guadaloupe, bearing N. E. about 40 miles distant, he fell in with a small boat containing four negroes, who had put off from Mariegalante, a French W. I. Island, in hopes of being able to reach an English Island, where they would be free. When picked up they were almost exhausted, and their frail bark could not have stood the violence of the winds and waves much longer. Capt. Kelley humanely took them on board of the Troy and bore up for Nevis, where he landed them. *Boston Sun, August* 10.

Governor Slade, of Vermont, is not a candidate for re-election; and, on the expiration of his term of office, in October next, will remove to the State of Ohio.

The American Peace Society has published an address to the President of the United States, requesting him to accept the offer of mediation on the part of Great Britain between Mexico and this country.

A Kidnapper Convicted.—William Harris, a preacher, dentist, &c. was, on the 17th of July, convicted by the criminal court of Memphis, Tennessee, for kidnapping a slave boy, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for five years. The jury were out six days before they could agree on a verdict.

Mrs. Paulina Wright, formerly of Utica, and whose lectures on Physiology at Philadelphia, and several important places in New England have been heard with great interest and profit by highly intelligent audiences of her own sex, is now engaged in delivering a course of lectures at Syracuse.

☞ The "News," published at Fairfax Court-House, Va. states that there are a large number of persons from the Northern States, now in that county, looking for locations to suit them. Four farms, of 200 acres each, had been sold to them.

Effect of Climate on Colour.—The climate of Peru has a singular effect on the colour of different races. It bleaches the black man into the mulatto, and bronzes the white into the Indian. It dwarfs the European in stature, in the second and third generation, and deprives him of fire and energy. The native youth, in their boyhood, exhibit intelligence and force; but as they grow up, they become feeble in body and irresolute in mind. The Indian who inhabits the ravines and table lands in the Cordilleras, is the only one who preserves his vigour. To his half-civilized enterprise and hardihood, Peru must look for her regeneration.—*Cor. Jour. Com.*

The Hutchinsons are now at their mountain home in Milford, some fifteen miles from Manchester, enjoying the pleasures of rural life, and the cordial greetings of their many friends. The family now own three large and beautiful farms, and are about to purchase another, which is valued at $10,000. They will not go out to sing for several weeks, wishing for leisure and rest from their European travels.—*Manchester (N. H.) American.*

Treaty of Reciprocal Copyright.—We find in a Paris journal, under date of Frankfort, July 5th, a notice of a treaty establishing a reciprocity of copyright between England and Prussia. It was concluded May 13, and ratified. It stipulates that the rights of authorship shall be the same in both countries; but to secure these rights a declaration at London, and reciprocally at Berlin, is necessary. Dramatic works are included in this arrangement. The 4th article of the treaty diminishes the duties of importation on Prussian books into England. All books must have a stamp that they may be recognized at the custom-houses. The contracting parties reserve the right of excluding all works contrary to good morals.—Article 7th declares that this stipulation shall be introduced into treaties concluded with other States. By the 9th article the treaty is to go into operation from the 1st of September, 1846, and continue for five years, and afterward tacitly till the denunciation, which must be made a year beforehand. The treaty is signed by Count Canitz and the Duke of Westmoreland. A copy of every work to be given to the corporation of libraries in London and to the Ministers of ecclesiastical affairs at Berlin. [Boston Daily Adv.

Property of Females in New Hampshire.—A law has just passed, intended to secure to married women rights in property, real and personal, which they have in their own right; protecting them from the debts of their husbands. The property of the wife is held liable for her own debts contracted before or after the marriage. It also grants to females the right of disposing of their own property.

Accident.—The tent under which the Abolitionists were holding their celebration at St. Charles, Michigan, on the 4th was blown down by a squall and a man by the name of Hocom so much injured that he was not expected to survive.

About five hundred ladies who were in attendance were thoroughly drenched by the rain.

We are sorry to perceive that the Boston Daily *Whig*, so called, has become, to all intents, a downright abolition paper. It is well, however, that its exact position is defined—and understood also. There are happily but a few presses at the North, which are trying to trot into popularity upon this hobby. If the Whig party choose to submit their presses, and their principles to the control of disguised political fanatics from the ranks of their opponents, who do not now even dare to avow their names they will be again, at too late an hour, as at the last Presidential election, shorn of their strength, and cheated beyond chance of redress.—*Nautucket Warder.*

The foregoing paragraph expresses a wise and timely caution to the Whig party. The *name* of the paper referred to in it, gives no license or justification to make its columns the vehicle of abuse of the most distinguished and trusted members of the Whig party—which seems of late to have been the peculiar vocation of the Boston Daily Whig.—*N. Bedford Mercury.*

Massachusetts has eight times the tonnage of North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, united.

A man named Robinson was recently arrested in Georgia, and taken to Quincy, Fla. charged with stealing negroes. He turned State's evidence, and confessed himself one of a gang concerned in stealing negroes, and robbing the mail.

Water-Cure Establishment.—Mr. David Ruggles has had a water-cure establishment in operation on a limited scale, at Bensonville in this town, for some time past. Encouraged by his success, he has made, and in part completed, arrangements for a larger number of patients. Individuals in town have advanced two thousand dollars, which is secured in stock in the establishment. Mr. Ruggles has commenced the erection of a building about fifty by thirty six feet, with an L part, which is calculated for the accommodation of thirty or forty patients. It is to be completed, we understand, by about October. The supply of water is said to be abundant and good. It is stated that Mr. Ruggles has refused fifty applications to receive patients, since the first of Jaunary last. If this be true, he will find no difficulty in filling up his house when it is done.—*Northampton Gazette.*

Married,

In Philadelphia, on the 4th instant, by the Rev. Charles W. Gardner, *Charles Jones*, of New Jersey to Miss *Mary AnnJackson*, of Philadelphia.

At Palmyra, (N. Y.) on the 10th ultimo, Maj. *Charles G. Eastman*, editor of the Vermont Patriot, Montpelier, to *Susan S. Havens.*

In this city, on the 5th day of August, by the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, Mr. *Richard M. Philbrick*, of Pittsfield, (N. H.) to Miss *Lucy Ann Bean*, of Scituate, Mass.

At Alexandria, (D. C.) on the 25th ultimo, Dr. *J. W Lugenbeel*, physician to the Colony of Liberia, to Miss *Martha Alice Abercrombie*, of the former place

Died,

On board a pack et-boat about six miles below Schuylerville, on the evening of the 1st instant, Judge *Harvey Granger*, of Saratoga, in the 66th year of his age.

At Smithville, on Sunday evening, 26th ultimo, Dr. *W. H. H. Davis*, late of Sacketts Harbour.

In Concord, (N. H.) *Henry H. Carroll*, Esq. editor of the New Hampshire Patriot, aged 33 years.

In Dublin, Ireland, July 13th, *J. B. Logier*, the eminent Professor of Music, and author of the Logierian System of Instruction on the Piano Forte.

In Troy, (N. Y.) on the instant, *Stephen W. Dana*, aged 60 years.

In this city, on the 3d instant, *Mathew Henry Webster*, Esq. aged 42 years, formerly of Albany.

In Ashfield, (Mass. on 3d instant, Hon. *Elijah Payne.* Judge Payne was the oldest member of the Franklin Bar.

Suddenly, on the morning of the 7th instant, *Charles Overing Handy*, aged 52 years.

In Rio Grande, Brazil, in May, *Henry Devine*, Esq. acting U. S. Consul, formerly of Hollidaysburg, Pa. aged 50.

In Herkimer, after a short illness, Mr. *William Rossiter*, aged 40.

In Millbury, July 26th, *Wm. Lloyd*, infant son of Wm. H. Humphrey.

At his residence, in Ossipee, on the 7th of July, of typhus fever, Hon. *Samuel Quarles.*

At Plymouth, (Mass.) August 6th, Mrs. *Lucretia A. Briggs*, wife of Rev. G. W. Briggs, aged 34 years.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from July 15, to August 1, 1846.

Amount previously acknowledged	$158 27	
Wm. G. Barker, W. Walworth, N Y	1 00	
George Pegler, Williamson, N Y	1 00	
N S Eddy, "	1 00	
Samuel Hance, "	1 00	
Silas Anthony, "	1 00	
G. M. Cooper, "	1 00	
Simeon Sharp, Cleveland, O	1 00	
Lazarus Wilson, "	1 00	
Jos. S. Whiton, "	1 00	
Wm. Wisdom, "	1 00	
Wm. Kenney, Ohio City, O	1 00	
Francis Wheeler, "	1 00	
John Johnson, Kirtland, O	1 00	
J Stickney, Painsville, O	1 00	
Jos. Elias, "	1 00	
Artemas Rogers, Galesville, N Y	1 00	
Jotham W. Taft, Grafton, Mass	1 00	
Jonathan C. Forbush "	1 00	
Messrs. Bull & Fry, Upton, Mass	1 00	
Harvey Ruggles, "	1 00	
John Dunlap, New York	1 00	
Mr. Barbour, Saquoit, N. Y.	1 00	
Ezekiel Roberts, Salem, Mass	1 00	
E. H. Payson, "	1 00	
Abijah Chase, "	1 00	
Joseph Hollis, New Braintree, Mass.	1 00	
Phillip Thayer, "	1 00	
James S. Fay, Athol, "	1 00	
David Hinckley, Hyannisport, "	1 00	
Ignatius Sargent, Boston, "	50	
G. W. Babcock, Berlin, "	1 00	
Nancy Babcock "	1 00	
Wm. Turner, Ravenna, Ohio,	1 00	
Robert Miller, "	1 00	
John N. Skinner, "	1 00	
Wm. Frazer, "	1 00	
Geo. Somerville, "	1 00	
Wm. Turnes, "	1 00	
Deacon Page, Ellington, N Y	1 00	
B. C. Willoughby, Randolph, N Y	1 00	
L Bennett, Little Valley, N Y	1 00	
Stephen Aldrich, "	1 00	
Wm. Ostrander, Hinsdale, N Y	1 00	
A. D. Lord, Ellicottville, "	1 00	
Lydia Powers, "	1 00	
Augustus Gardner, "	1 00	
William Cooley, Franklinville, N Y	1 00	
Daniel E. Washburn, "	1 00	
M. Mead, Esq. "	1 00	
J. C. Matthewson, "	1 00	
J. W. Washburn, "	1 00	
F. Partridge, "	1 00	
James McClure, "	1 00	
Lewis J. Mason, "	1 00	
Richard Robbins, Farmersville, N Y	1 00	
D. Ellsworth, "	1 00	
Jos. R. Blackman, "	1 00	
Ann Leonard, "	1 00	
N. J. Rowley, "	1 00	
Wm. L. Peet, "	1 00	
J. T. Wadkins, "	1 00	
Marvel Hayford, "	1 00	
John Begbie, Newark, N J	1 00	
E. A. Chadwick, Exeter, N H	1 00	
Geo. Smith, Marlborough, N H	1 00	
Cyrus Blodget, "	1 00	
Henry F Edes, Plymouth, Mass.	3 00	
Misses Stetson, Charlestown, Mass.	1 00	
Horatio Woodman, Boston, Mass.	1 00	
Jos. Hazen, Garrettsville, O	1 00	
M McDaniels, Wentor, O	1 00	
J J Kinney, South Kirtland,	1 00	
Thos. Fawcett, Belmont, Ohio.	3 00	
H. H. Hatch, New Lyme, "	1 50	
Caroline Moore, Mentor, "	50	
Harriet Conant, Northboro, Mass.	1 00	237.77

From August 1st, to August 8th

Rebecca Jones, Orangeville, O.	2 00	
Augustus Moffit, "	1 00	
Barney Corse, New-York,	3 00	
James T. Hallock, Milton, N Y	2 00	
Rufus Reynold, Purchase, "	1 00	
Addison Conger, Newark, N J	1 92	
Charles Coolidge, Dedham, Mass.	1 00	
L. Newell, Geneva, N Y	1 00	
Jason Jeffrey, "	1 00	
Wm. M. Dorsey, "	1 00	
Jason Granby, Phelps, N Y	1 00	
Amos R. Cole, Egypt, "	1 00	
Gideon H. Smith, Macedon, "	1 00	
P. Rathbun, "	1 00	
Hugh Pound, Farmington, "	1 00	
Alpheus Weller, Skaneateles, "	1 00	
Charles Atkinson, Marion, Ia	2 00	
Eleazur Josselyn, East Abington, Mass.	1 00	
John Corthell, South "	1 00	
W. R. Small, South Weymouth, "	50	
J. H. Studley, West Scituate, "	1 00	
Elijah Cushing, Hanson, "	1 00	
Gorham Lincoln, Hingham, "	1 00	
George W. Easton, N. Bridgwater, "	1 00	
Rev. J. S. Dennis, Weymouth, "	1 00	
Job W. Drew, Kingston, "	1 00	
M. B. Pierce, Abington, "	1 00	
Asahel Beal, East Abington, "	1 00	
W. S. Wales, North Abington, "	1 00	
Joseph Stetson, Kingston, "	1 00	
Mary Gifford, New Bedford, "	1 00	
Mary Remington, North Abington, "	1 00	
Nathaniel Beal, East Abington, "	1 00	
Simon Ashley, New Bedford, "	1 00	
William Eddy, " "	1 00	
Ezra Perkins, Essex, "	50	
Daniel E. Bosworth, West Roxbury, "	1 00	
Isaiah Jenkins, 2d, East Abington, "	1 00	
John Noyes, jr. South Abington, "	1 00	
James N. Buffum, Lynn, "	1 00	
Robert N. Neill, (pd by do.) Belfast, Ireland,	1 00	
John Wigham, " " Edinburgh, Scot.	1 00	
G. Bennett & Co. E. Abington, Mass.	1 00	
Joseph Hunt, Abington, "	1 00	
John M. Degoey, New-York, "	1 00	
Warren Lincoln, Raynham, "	1 00	
Salem Observer, Salem, "	1 00	
John Russell, " "	1 00	
Stephen C. Phillips, " "	1 00	
Asa Thompson, Jr. " "	1 00	
Josiah Haywood, " "	1 00	
E. M. Chipman, " "	1 00	
Louisa Lewis, " "	1 00	
Rev. D. K. Lee, " "	1 00	
A. & D. Lord, " "	1 00	
T. J. Higginson, Brattleboro, Vt.	3 00	
John Lundy, Sycamore, O.	1 00	
Amasa Clarke, Hampton, Ct.	1 00	
A. C. Sloane, Oriskany, N. Y.	1 73	
John B. Stafford, Rushville, "	6 25	
Oliver Harwood, " "	7 50	
P. De Clerge, Cazenovia, "	5 00	
A. Willman, Friendship, "	1 50	
J. Halliday, " "	1 00	
Samuel Hanford, " "	1 00	
J. W Truscott, Almond, "	1 00	
E. L. Platt, Bath, "	1 00	
Sally Roberts, Cazenovia, "	1 00	
J. W. Jones, Elmira, "	1 00	
Alfred Wright, " "	1 00	
Geo. Hatterman, " "	1 00	
C. W. Danon, Wormly, "	1 90	
Amos Riggs, Branchport, "	1 00	
Lyman Fowler, Penn Yan, "	1 00	
H. A. B. Platt, Jersey, "	1 00	
Thos. T. Stone, Salem, Mass.	1 00	
Caleb Stetson, Medford, "	1 00	
Lucinda Hosmer Bedford, "	1 00	
Messrs. Clapp & Cushing, Watertown, Mass.	1 00	
Samuel Thompson, Pottsville, Pa.	2 00	
		342.17

Donations.

Mathias Hutchinson, King's Ferry, N Y	10 00	
J. Gallory, Rochester, "	50	
John Rapalje, " "	25	
Wendell Phillips, Boston, in full, pledge,	280 00	
		290.75
Total Amount,		$632.92

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHESTER COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Chester county Anti-Slavery Society will be held at "People's Hall," Ercildoun, East Fallowfield, on 3d-day, the 25th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M. It will be a meeting of much importance, as besides the peculiar interest of this period to the Anti-Slavery cause, there are important alterations proposed to be made in the Constitution, and it is hoped this annual gathering of the Abolitionists of the county will be large and animated, an occasion for free hearts to meet their fellows and be rejoiced and strengthened for the conflict in the year to come. EDWIN FUSSELL, Cor. Sec.

ONTARIO COUNTY.

Charles Lenox Remond and J. C Hathaway will hold Anti-Slavery meetings as follows:

At Junius, Sunday, August 9.
Marengo, Monday, " 10, at 4 P. M.
Geneva, Tues. & Wed. " 11 & 12, at 10 A. M.
Cartleton, Thursday, " 13, at 3 P. M.
Hopewell Centre, Friday, " 14, at 10 A. M.
Manchester, Saturday, " 15, at 4 P. M.
Canandaigua, Sunday, " 16, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Two able advocates of the cause of liberty—E. D. HUDSON, and WM. W. BROWN, are now laboring in your county, and will hold meetings at the following places. Their success, and the interests of the cause, will depend very much upon your active co-operation, in procuring places for meetings, extending notices, and in aiding them in procuring subscribers for the Standard. Are there not some among you who will

VOLUNTEER

To spend one, two, or three weeks, or more, in Freedom's cause, and go with these brethren from house to house, and from town to town? Let it not be said of Western New-York, that from among her sons, Slavery can get more volunteers to fight her infamous battles in Mexico, than Freedom can number in her army. Come to the rescue, then, one and all, and let the question be decided.

"For he who settles Freedom's principles,
Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
Who speaks the truth, stabs falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than even Brutus with his dagger could."

CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

Cherry Creek, Thursday and Friday, August 13th and 14th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Arkwright, Friday, August 14th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Forrestville, Saturday, " 15th, " " "
Versailles, Sunday and Monday, August 16th and 17th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

ERIE COUNTY.

La Grange, Wednesday, August 19th at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Eden Corners, Thursday, " 20th, "
Collinsville, Friday, " 21st, "
Collins Centre, Saturday and Sunday, August 22d & 23d, at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Springville, Monday, August 24th, at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Boston Corners, Tuesday, " 25th, "
Boston Centre, Wednesday, " 26th, "
Griffin's Mills, Thursday, " 27th, "
Aurora, Friday, " 28th, "
Wales Centre, Saturday, " 29th, "
East Hamburg, Sunday, " 30th, "
Clarence Hollow, Tuesday, September 1, at 7 o'clock, p.m.
Akron, Wednesday, " 2, "
Richville, Thursday, " 3, at 2 o'clock, p.m.
Lancaster, Friday, " 4, at 7 "

These meetings will be attended by one, or both of the friends above mentioned, besides VOLUNTEERS. One noble-hearted brother is already in the field, in that capacity, and will spend as much time as his other avocations will permit. You will find in

E. D. HUDSON,

A single-hearted, devoted, and faithful man,—uncompromising in his hostility to Slavery, in whatever garb she may assume to clothe herself. No freeman will complain of that.

WILLIAM W. BROWN,

Has groaned many a weary day in the prison-house of bondage, and can tell of the dark and damning deeds that are committed there. He has felt the heavy heel of tyranny upon his own head, and can speak from experience. Even now by the Constitution of the United States, he is a *chattel*, and not a MAN. Out upon such atrocity, and let the cry be rung through the land,

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

J. C. HATHAWAY,
General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the State of New-York.

FARMINGTON, 7th month 18, 1846.

FAIR TEETH.

We would give information to those of our friends who may need the aid of a DENTIST, that EDWARD TOWNSEND, No. 254 North Fourth Street, and JOHN K. TOWNSEND, Southeast corner of Ninth and Cherry Streets, both well known and highly esteemed in their profession, have each generously offered to give *twelve hours of professional work for the benefit of our Fair.*

Persons wishing to have teeth extracted, plugged, or artificial ones inserted, may receive an order from either of the undersigned:

Sarah Pugh, 70 Marshall Street,
Sarah L. Child, 452 North 2d Street,
Anna M. Hopper, 22 North 7th Street,
Emma Parker, 127 Arch "
Margaret A Griscom, 325 1-2 Arch Street,
Margaretta Forten, 92 Lombard "
or from any member of the
Committee of Arrangements.

RHODE ISLAND FAIR.

PROVIDENCE, MAY 22, 1846.

Dear Friends:—We beg leave to call your attention to the ANNUAL RHODE ISLAND ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, to be held in this City on WEDNESDAY, (Commencement day,) September 2d. We do this the more readily, and hopefully, as the result of the last Fair, and the liberality manifested by friends in furnishing its tables, and in various other ways supplying its wants, far exceeded our expectations. To you all, we render hearty thanks, assuring you that the proceeds of your labors have done much to renew the energies, strengthen the courage, and revive the hopes of the slave's toiling friends, and relieve the necessities of many a fugitive from the house of oppression.

But we must still urge a renewal of your benevolence, and an extension of your liberality. The great cause in which we are engaged is still unconsummated—the public mind is still laboring under the withering, cramping influences of party prejudice, and sectarian exclusiveness. The public ear is still deaf "to the cries of God's poor." The public eye is still blinded to the thousand bloody results of American despotism. The institutions, political and social, of the whole land, are still swayed at the dictation of mongers of human flesh. The country is being burdened by the annexation of immense tracts of slave-holding territory. To support the *infernal* system, and multiply the victims of human tyranny, our people are called to unsheathe the sword—to immolate themselves upon the wreaking altars of *war.* We call upon you, friends, to make another effort to break these chains—to annihilate this scheme of diabolical intrigue and conspiracy against the lives and liberties of human beings. We ask you to help us to make the *effort.* Let us spare neither expense or trouble; as we esteem the welfare and happiness of *human beings*—sons and daughters with us of one Great Common Father;—as we value our characters as Christians, and friends of the human race—as we wish to prove the sincerity of our professions, let us individually and collectively address ourselves to the task. Let us forget all selfish interests, and labor for the good of others. This will soften the severest toil, and lighten the heaviest burden.

We invite you to enlist with us in this work, both by contributing, yourselves, of whatever Providence has thrown into your possession of a contributable nature, and by soliciting contributions from others. Nothing will come amiss—anything and everything will aid us. We earnestly entreat you to leave no friend unsolicited—to let no influence lie dormant—to let no energy remain inactive—to let our stock lack nothing which you can possibly spare.

Any requisite information may be obtained by addressing Amarancy Paine, Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorrance streets. Contributions and donations may be deposited in the same place, or with either of the following persons:

S. R. Harris, Mary R. Clarke,
S. B. R. Foster, E. H. Brown,
Abby Burgess, Amarancy Paine,
Caroline Ashley, H. B. Redway,
Mary Hathaway, Parthena T. Janes,
Abby Thurber, Sarah R. Smith,
Lucretia Francis, Mary Smith.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.		
Pot, first sort 1845.	3.50	a 3 56¼
Pearl	4.00	a 4.06¼
CANDLES.		
Mould, tallow lb.	9	a 11
Sperm	26	a 28
Stearic do.	22	a 25
COAL.		
Liverpool, chaldron,	8.25	a 8.37½
Newcastle	6.50	a 7.50
Scotch	6.00	a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00	a 6.50
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.00	a 6 00
COFFEE.		
Java, Gov't per lb.	9½	a 11
Sumatra	7¾	a
Porto Rico	6¾	a
Laguayra	7¾	a 8½
Cuba	6	a 7
Brazil	7	a 8
St. Domingo	6¼	a 6¾
COTTON.		
New Orleans	6¾	a 9¾
Alabama	6½	a 9¾
Florida	6¾	a 8½
Upland	6	a 7½
Upland, fair	7¾	a 8½
Upland, good and fair	8½	a 8¾
DOMESTICS.		
Shirtings, brown 3-4	5½	a 6
do. do. 7-8	6	a 7
do. bleached	7	a 9
do. S. I. do.	7	a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	7½	a 8½
do. do. 5-4	10½	a 12½
do. bleached 4-4	7	a 12
do. do. 5-4	12	a 15
Calicoes, blue	7	a 12
do. fancy	6	a 14
Plaids	9	a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8	a 10
Satinetts	40	a 75
Checks 4-4	8	a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	15	a 16
do. 14 a 19	18	a 20
do. 20 a 23	22	a 23
DRUGS & DYES.		
Alum, lb.	2¾	a 3
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.50	a 1.60
Copperas	1¼	a 1½
Gum Myrrh, E. Indies,	9	a 11
do. copal washed	31	a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25	a 35
Madder, Dutch	8	a 12
Oil of Anis	1.40	a 1.45
castor, gall.	57½	a .60
Tartaric acid, lb.	30	a 31
Verdigris	17	a 22
Vitriol, blue		a 7½
DYEWOODS.		
Brazillette, ton	18.00	a 25.00
Camwood	62.50	a 65.00
Fustic, Cuba	30.00	a 31.50
do. Tampico	22.00	a 23.00
Logwood, Cpy.	22.50	a 25.50
FEATHERS.		
Live, foreign lb.	12	a 25
do. American	28	a 32
FISH.		
Dry cod, cwt.	2.87½	a 3.00
Dry scale	1.50	a 1.56¼
Pickled, bbl.	3.25	a 3.37½
do. salmon,	12.50	a 13.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9	a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	9.75	a 10.00
do. No. 2	9.00	a 9.50
do. No. 3	5.12½	a 0.00
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	4.37½	a 4.50
Bucksp't. bbl.	.	a .
Mass. do.	.	a .
Herring, pickled	3.25	a 3.25
do. scale, per box,	37	a .40
do. No. 1		a .
do. No. 2		a .
FLAX.		
Russia, lb.	9	a 11
American	8	a 8½
FLOUR & MEAL.		
Genesee per bbl.	4.12½	a 4.18¾
Troy	.—	a .—
Michigan	4.06¼	a 4.12½
Ohio, round and flat	4.12½	a 4.06¼
Pennsylvania	3.87½	a
Brandywine	4.00	a 4.25
Georgetown	4.12½	a 4.25
Baltimore c. mills	4.00	a 4.12½
Richmond c. mills	5.75	a
do. country	4.12½	a 4.25
Alexandria	4.00	a 4.12½
Fredericksburg	4.00	a 4.
Petersburg	4.00	a 4.
Rye flour	2.62½	a 2.75
Indian meal	2.62½	a 3.00
do. per hhd.	15.00	a 15.00
GRAIN.		
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	.90	a .95
do. Southern new	.80	a .85
Rye northern	69	a .70
Corn north'n & Jersey	60	a .65
Southern (weight)	—	a .—
Barley, N.R.	58	a .60
Oats, northern	35	a .—
do. southern	27	a .28
do. New-Jersey		
Beans, tce.	6.12	a 7.62½
HEMP.		
Russia, clean, ton	205.00	a 210.00
outshot	.00	a .00
Manilla	138.00	a 142.00
American, dew rot	80.00	a 97.50
do. water rot	120.00	a 170.50
HIDES.		
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	11½	a 11¾
California	4	a 10
Orinoco	11	a 11½
Mexican	10½	a 10¾
S. American horse, piece		a
Calcutta, dry	65	a .75
HOPS.		
First sort 1844, lb.	13½	a 15½
HORNS.		
Ox, hundred	7.00	a 8.00
Cow	2.00	a 3.00

IRON.		
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	38.00	a 40.00
do. American	34.00	a 36.00
Bar do. rolled	87.50	a 90.00
do. Russia P, S, I,	102.50	a 105.00
do. do. N. Sable	95.00	a 97.50
do. Swedes	90.00	a 92.50
do. Eng. com.	77.50	a 80.00
do. do. refined	87.50	a 90.00
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6	a 6½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50	a 6.50
LEAD.		
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.65	a 4.25
Bar, lb.	4½	a 4¾
Sheet	4¾	a 5
LEATHER.		
Oak lb. (sole,)	18	a 22
Hemlock, light	12¾	a 14
do. middle	12¾	a 14
do. heavy,	11½	a 12½
do. damaged	9½	a 11
LUMBER.		
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	30.00	a 35.00
do. east pine	11.00	a 13.00
do. Albany, piece	10	a .18
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	27.00	a 30.00
Scantling pine	14.00	a 15.00
do. oak	30.00	a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.22	a .33
do. Ga. yel. pine	20	a .22
Shingles, cy. M.	11.00	a 13.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50.00	a 52.00
do. do. hhd.	40.00	a 42.00
do. do. bbl.	30.00	a 32.00
do. r. oak hhd.	28.00	a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00	a 45.00
Hoops	25.00	a 30.00
MOLASSES.		
New-Orleans, gall.	30	a 31
Porto Rico	24	a 28
St. Croix	28	a 30
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscova	24	a 25
Martinique & Guadal.	—	a
Havana & Matanzas	15	a 19
Neuvitas	27	a 29
NAILS.		
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4	a 4½
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)		
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10	a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 9	18	a 20
NAVAL STORES.		
Tar, bbl.	1.62½	a 1.87½
Pitch	1.00	a 1.25
Rosin, N. C. & W.	50	a 60
Turp. Wil'ton soft	3.50	a 4.00
do. N. C. soft	2.60	a 3.00
Spirits turp'tine gal.	28	a 31
OILS.		
Olive, in casks, gall.	85	a 88
Linseed, American	60	a 63
Whale refined	50	a 55
Sperm, crude	83	a 84
do. winter	95	a 96
Lard oil,	60	a 65
PROVISIONS.		
Beef mess bbl.	6.50	a 7.00
do. prime	4.50	a 5.00
Pork, mess new.	9.87½	a
do. prime old	8.00	a 8.12½
do. cargo		a
Hog's lard	5½	a 6¾
Butter, West dairy	10	a 12
do. Orange county	15	a 16
do. common	9	a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	7	a 8
Hams smoked	5	a 8
RICE.		
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	2.87½	a 3.00
Good to prime,	3.25	a 3.62½
SALT.		
Turks Island, bushel,	28	a 30
Bonaire	28	a 30
Curacoa		a
Ivica		a
Cadiz		a
St. Kitts		a
Lisbon		a
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.		a
do. do. sack	1.05	a 0.07½
do. do. fine	1.45	a 1.50
SOAP.		
New-York, brown lb.	3½	a 5½
Castile	8½	a 8¾
STEEL.		
German lb.	10½	a 13
English, hoop L.	13	a 13½
Trieste, in boxe	6½	a 7
American	5	a
Spring	5¾	a 6
SUGARS.		
St. Croix, lb.	7½	a 9
New-Orleans	5¾	a 7¾
Cuba, Muscovado	6	a 7
Porto Rico	6¾	a 8
Havana, white	9	a 10¾
do. brown	7	a 8½
Cuba, white	8½	a 9
do. brown	6¾	a 8
Brazil, white	9	a 10
Manilla, brown	8	a
Loaf	11½	a
Crushed	11½	a
TALLOW.		
Foreign, lb.		
American	6½	a 7
TEAS.		
Imperial, lb.	35	a .90
Gunpowder	35	a .90
Hyson	40	a .88
Young Hyson	35	a .85
Hyson skin	22	a 60
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15	a 56
Bohea		a
TIN.		
Block, South Am. lb.		a
do. East India	15½	a 16
In plates ⅛ box	9.00	a 9.25
WOOL.		
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	38	a 40
do. merino	36	a 38
Pulled, superfine	28	a 30
No. 1	25	a 26
No. 2	20	a 28

Poetry.

The following beautiful hymn was written by Dr. Bowring, for the Annual Meeting of the London Domestic Mission Society, in April last. It has not, I believe, been published in this country.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

There is a tale by Jesus told;
It charmed the listeners round of old—
A tale of that benignant man,
Who, when the proud passed heedless by,
Supplied what kindness could supply—
The good Samaritan.

Robbed, naked, wounded, by the way
The suffering, sinking traveller lay;
Swift to his aid his helper ran,
Bound up his wounds with tender care,
Food, raiment, home provided there—
The good Samaritan.

And still that tale of pathos fills
The awakened heart; still touches, thrills
With sympathy's own talisman,
The springs of generous thought to move,
And bids us imitate and love
That good Samaritan.

A wider field is ours; not *one*
Stripped, wounded, destitute, alone;
But man in crowds neglected, man
In congregated wo, doth call,
That each should be to each—to all,
A good Samaritan.

From Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

NEVER FEAR.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Though the clouds are black as night,
Never fear!
Though the lightning's deadly bright,
Never fear!
Though the thunderbolt is red,
Though the shaft of death is sped,
God is present overhead—
Never fear!

Though the tyrant's axe is bright,
Never fear!
Though the black block is in sight,
Never fear!
Though a foeman is each knave,
Though a coward is each slave,
God is with the freeman brave—
Never fear!

Though the bigots curses raise,
Never fear!
Though the martyr's fagot blaze,
Never fear!
Though they strive to cripple youth,
Though they treat good deeds with ruth,
God is ever with the Truth—
Never fear!

Though the storm-god flaps his wings,
Never fear!
Though the tempest death-song sings,
Never fear!
In the clouds are blue specks fair,
Through the dark boughs blows an air,
God is present everywhere—
Never fear!

From the Tribune.

THE CONSERVATIVE.

BY REV. T. L. HARRIS.

Enslaved, down-trodden, spirit-blind he lieth
Within that blood-wet Golgotha, the Past:
Hearing the vulture brood that ever crieth
Amid the shadows in that grave-yard vast.
Naught is from God to him, save that he readeth,
Graven of old upon the mouldered stone:
Though glory beams from far, no ray he heedeth
Save the blue corpse-light, flickering there alone:
In owlish wisdom through the dark he wanders,
Raking old creeds from Pagan, Jewish tombs;
O'er worn tradition reverently he ponders,
Leaving for Night still deeper, darker glooms;
All living men to him are shadowy seemings,
Like those who o'er Tartarean flame-waves tread:
All present truths and splendors are but dreamings,—
Light, Knowledge, Power, all embalmed and dead.

"Blind Infidel," he names the true REFORMER;
"Accursed," he styles the Great, and Pure, and Free;
Progress and Light he strives with from his corner,
Like him who with his sceptre fought the sea:
"Down with the Brave who strive to free the bondman!"*
'Tis just that men like brutes are bought and sold;
He who for Freedom toils is God's doomed foeman,
For Slavery was by Him ordained of old.
Up with the Gallows, let it stand forever!†
To bless is human, to revenge divine;
'Tis right the criminal from life to sever,
Blood cries for blood, and crime demandeth crime:
Peace is no mandate, binding on the nation;
O'er martyred hosts roll on the battle's car,
In Christ's name speed the flaming desolation,
Our Deity is named the God of War."
Thus cries the blind Conservative, who drinketh
Blood from the purple vintage of the Past, [eth,
And from the love, and warmth, and splendor shrink-
Like a cold corpse in coffin-shrouding fast!

The weary earth, whose broken heart is bleeding,
From every wound, and scar, and vein, and pore,
Groans ceaselessly that man, her wounds unheeding,
Should war with Truth, and *Hate* and *Crime* adore.
Oh, shame, that, blind to his divinest mission,
Should dream and drivel so the LIVING MAN!
When worlds and suns of Truth upon his vision
Dawn brighter far than e'er since Time began.
Awake, O, Slumberer, in the darkened ages,
Claim thy great birthright, rise redeemed and free,
The *Present's* life, the *Future's* burning pages,
With TRUTH and Love are eloquent to thee,
Burst the old dungeons that so dark surround thee,
Like some NEW WORLD that breaks through gloom to light,
And joining with the STRONG and FREE around thee,
Toil for the RACE with consecrated might!
NEW-YORK, June, 1836.

* See Fuller on Southern Slavery.
† See Cheever on Capital Punishment.

From the Liberty Bell.

A SONNET.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"Where the Spirit of the Lord is—there is Liberty."

Heart-stirring text! proclaim it far and wide,
Throughout the length and breadth of all your land;
'Till he, who runs, may read, and understand
The glorious truths in these brief words implied!
How—where that Spirit is most *deified*,
The flame of Freedom, by its influence fann'd,
Bidding each heart with love to all expand,
Slavery, accurst, no longer can abide!
But oh! what heavier, or more hopeless doom
Can be a nation's, or a people's lot,
Or fling upon their fame a fouler blot—
Withering the spirit by its chilling gloom—
Than *one* which leaves for doubt too fearful room,
That THERE *the Spirit of the Lord* IS NOT!

WOODBRIDGE, Suffolk, Eng.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT;

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER V.

Far into the night the merry company at the plantation Breda remained unbroken round the lemonade bowl. They had settled their angry disputes and were talking over the thousand topics, which concern the Creole's life. Vincent was an attentive listener. Lady de Borel, with fine address, knew how to lead the conversation, so that if any difference of opinion threatened to break out between her choleric husband and the stout Lord de Charmilly, she always had some amusing allusion at hand, by which anger was turned into mirth. This beautiful lady thus turned the conversation away from all dangerous topics, and her sudden inquiries summoned Vincent to her assistance. He had to give minute accounts of the manners and fashions in France. Or she would turn to the little Doctor, who, with his ready anecdotes and incredible deeds, stuttered out in bad French, invariably called up the desired laugh. In a little while Master Bertrand grew warm under the influence of the rich, Spanish wine, and became the butt of a thousand jests. The asseverations and oaths, with which he sought to force the belief of his assailants, heightened the amusement. They led him on to be more and more frank, through apparent concessions on their part, in order to bring him out, and even the sullen Borel got into a sort of a jesting humor, which spent itself in sallies upon the half-intoxicated Doctor.

"Worthy Master Bertrand," said he, "you ought not to remain in this retirement. The world needs your skill, and the inhabitants of this island owe you the heartiest thanks for so many remarkable deeds. Come to me at Port-au-Prince. You have learned to understand the black skin, take the yellow ones in hand. Examine this remarkable race closely, dissect and galvanize their hearts, so full of gall and bitterness. You are the man. You could discover what has never yet been found out, and my active friend, Pratolo, the brave Maltese, and Commandant of the Artillery, will supply you daily with new subjects, which you can work upon at your pleasure."

"It is an inviting offer," replied the physician. "O, my dear Sir, you know not what a pleasure it is to cut into the good sound flesh with a right sharp knife. I have a plan which has already occurred to me occasionally."

"Let us hear it," said Charmilly, laughing, "it must be something remarkable."

"In America, I was once called to a plantation in the South, during the great war," said Bertrand. "The master was rich, and 500 black skins labored indefatigably, of course, with some gentle hints of the whip, for a planter in America understands that perhaps better than the worthy gentleman here. When we entered, there lay the rich man upon a soft bed, settling accounts with some of his lazy slaves. The overseer had them tied up, the black beasts howled in delightful chorus at every stroke, and the lank, haggard master, smiled and coughed. I saw at once that it was consumption, genuine phthisis, from which there is no salvation."

"Say, you wise man," cried the master, "do you believe that I must die?"

"I shrugged my shoulders and shook my head."

"No cure!" cried the planter, kicking off a slave who was just then thankfully kissing his garments for the gracious punishment he had just received. "Lay on, then, overseer, lay on till the flesh falls off, for it is these rascals that have been the death of me."

"Stop!" cried I, "I will save you." The consumptive man stretched out his hand and grasped hold of me. "Save me," he exclaimed, and I will make you rich. Ask what you will, and you shall have it."

"These slaves must be free," said I, coolly, "and you must never buy any more." That was requiring a good deal, he would rather have given me a hundred thousand dollars, but at last he submitted. I then proceeded to make preparations, which the sick man did not understand. I took a lusty young black by the head, turned him about like a fish to make sure he was sound, then I had him tied fast, and out with my lancet, and a nice little syringe, such as we commonly carry with us.

"What are you going to do?" cried the planter, alarmed.

"This man," said I, pointing to him, "has got diseased blood in his veins, we must let some healthy blood into him and he will be well." Then I just opened master's veins in both arms, and let the bad blood flow out until the heart was almost at a standstill, and violent spasms followed: then came the nigger's turn, and with the syringe, I introduced his blood into the body of his master. New life flowed into him, and to cut a long story short, he got well, and the negro I restored also. From that hour, master was an altered man through and through. The African blood in his veins suddenly converted him into an ardent negro's friend. The day he left his bed he not only freed all his slaves, but he stirred them up to an insurrection. Six plantations were in flames the next night. The military marched out, and a terrible battle was fought. My patient fought at the head of the blacks, was killed, and his estates burned down and destroyed. I myself," concluded Bertrand, in a melancholy tone, "barely escaped in a ship, and lost all my pains."

"How lucky for us!" cried Charmilly, amidst the laughter of the company. "Who otherwise would have told us of these wonders! But further, wonder-working doctor, what is it you think of doing with the yellow hearts at Port-au-Prince?"

"I was thinking," said Master Bertrand, very seriously, "whether one could not try to cut the false, diseased hearts out of these yellow fellows, and supply them with faithful, loyal hearts instead. I have hit upon an excellent method in which it may be done. It is this: get some thousands of true patriots who are ready for the sake of the common weal to sacrifice, in halves or in whole, their virtuous hearts upon the altar of their country." He looked round upon the company, and his twinkling eyes rested at last upon the Marquis de Borel. "You, illustrious citizen," he then continued, "you, the paragon of all patriotic virtues, would certainly not hesitate to set an animating example. If we were to divide that precious heart of yours, and give a good slice of it to that worthless Goldsmith Rigaud, who gives us all so much trouble, ha! what changes should we live to see!"

"Worthy Master Bertrand," replied the Marquis, "my whole life through, I have never been much of a friend to affairs of the heart, and you must therefore excuse me. Besides, your plan is wrong; to give white hearts to the mulattoes, the evil would only be greater, for already, they have got too much of the whites in them. Give them black hearts, full of submission and humility, that they may always remember that they are slaves, or better still, find some way to dye their skins black, for in the skin lies their whole advantage."

"True," cried the Doctor, "too true, my worthy Sir. The skin alone is the great touch-stone of all rights and liberties, all claims and disabilities, and the heart changes like a chameleon, according to that. And what, after all, is the heart? a muscle full of blood, to which, with great injustice, all these sensations are attributed, which mankind admire or hate; and these black fellows have these little bags hanging there in their breasts, of no sort of use in the world. Out with them! Of what use are they? and the black skins we could draw over these yellow rebels. O! M. Libertas, give me that old, good-for-nothing Toussaint, I will prepare him for Rigaud! Catch me the yellow Goldsmith, and I'll patch them into one. Ha! Toussaint, the old rogue mark ye, he has a heart large enough for the whole negro race, and eyes full of magic arts like the rattlesnake. Give him to me, or you will rue it when he comes to dissect himself, and distribute pieces of his heart or brains to all the other black creatures."

"We will play for the conjurer," cried the Marchioness, laughing. And she caught up a card from the table where she had been playing ecartée with Vincent.

"Right!" shouted de Borel, "and if I win him, he is yours, Master Bertrand. You shall stuff him in my presence."

"And who is to pay me for my servant?" said Libertas, half in earnest; "or who will compensate me if he runs about here hereafter, without skin or heart?"

"O, then," cried Charmilly, "you can show him as a curiosity for so much a head, and send him at last to the niggers' friends, at Paris and London, as a specimen of Creole cruelty. They are publicly exhibiting there now, some poor devils upon whom iron collars have left marks, or the branding-iron a few scars. But how then will the tears of the sentimental ladies flow, when they see a poor slave without skin or heart!"

"How much do you value the old fellow at?" asked the Marquis, shuffling the cards.

"At not less than six thousand livres," replied Libertas, "but by the Key of St. Peter! I think we have jested enough."

"Too much for a superannuated slave," cried Borel, "but we are five, let every one give a thousand livres, and you are compensated."

"Well, then," cried the Intendant, laughing, "let us see whether he is to keep his skin."

With a look of dismay, Vincent saw the cards dealt. There was a tragical earnestness in the jest, and if his favorite should chance to fall into Borel's hands, how far might not his hatred of the unfortunate man carry him?

Already, however, the cards were played, and Borel held his up in triumph. "The highest card!" he cried; "the king wins. It's a queer coincidence, but this ugly face on the card looks something like the black rascal. So he is ours, Master Bertrand, and to-morrow we will try the experiment."

"Try it now or never!" said a deep, stern voice behind him.

Borel sprang up and stared at the apparition which stood still at the open door of the saloon. "What is the slave after?" cried he, in mingled rage and amazement. "Is it the custom here to let them out of the kennel at night?"

"How dare you appear here, Toussaint," said Libertas, with an unsteady voice, and filled with dark misgivings.

"This strange black scoundrel," cried Charmilly, "delights me yet more with his monkey-nature. No, don't take his skin off, but put him into a baboon's hide, and let him run into the woods among his brethren."

Then egro fixed his flashing eyes upon him for a moment, and slightly shook his head. "Such beings as these," said he, in his pithy way, "are the parents of the mischief and have fed it with the tiger's milk of their own breasts. Your ancestors, pirates on the sea and hunters on land, slaughtered all, whether men or beasts, that fate threw into their hands, and so bequeathed their ravening propensities for two hundred years, from generation to generation. Stir not, thou man there with the grim, cruel countenance," cried he, in rising wrath, to the cursing Borel, and advanced with uplifted arm into the centre of the room. "I am well nigh resolved to sacrifice thee to the vengeance thou deservest, to demand retribution of thee for thy reckless life, retribution for this hour, when thou wert playing thy vile game for my life, and hadst won it. White miscreant, thy skin would serve for a good ensign for our black citizens, and float in token of their coming freedom."

Uncontrollable rage seized the little Marquis. He was not a man to be daunted by a threat. A stout heart beat in his bosom. The strange, unheard-of insolence of a slave, had for a moment only benumbed his faculties. But the next moment his surprise was over, and his usual utter contempt for the blacks took the lead, and he suddenly snatched up a knife from the table, and rushed upon the daring speaker.

But with wonderful strength and dexterity, Toussaint warded off the blow, and the Marquis lay at his feet.

"Help! help!" cried Lady de Borel to the ghastly Intendant. "Ring the bells, chains here! death! death!"

"Call not for death," cried Toussaint, menacingly, and drew off his foot from his almost lifeless foe. "By the great God and his saints! He stands close to you, and will not long wait. Are you not yet awake from your dreams? Does not your proud intellect yet surmise that the slave Toussaint has seized the avenging sword? Your reign is over, down with you, down upon your knees and pray for a speedy death!"

An appalling cry from without accompanied his half-sad, half-wrathful words, and made the blood of the planter and his friends run cold. Awful sounds of fear and death, the yelling of hounds, shrieks of women and children, a roar of murder and horror, melted with cries of rage and shouts of exultation, into one thousand-voiced wail, told all to the unfortunate company. The insurrection had broken out.

At this moment flashes of fire burst forth from the mills, the packing-houses and the work-shops. Tongues of flame with the rapidity of lightning were licking the roofs of cane and palm-leaves. The tapers in the saloon grew dim before the fearful brightness of this new light, and illuminated thereby the negro stood looking darkly upon the trembling gentlemen who implored his mercy.

Suddenly the door was burst open, and in rushed a shrieking creature, half dressed, and bearing all the marks of a deadly fight. The agony of death was depicted on his countenance. His hair, dabbled in blood, streamed over his ghastly face; one arm, shockingly lacerated and gashed, hung powerless. It was Valsain, the cruel overseer. "Save me!" he shrieked, and clung to the trembling Marchioness. "All is lost. They have murdered all; my wife, my children, my brothers. Mercy! They are coming! save me!"

And with that, a murderous band rushed into the saloon. Their withering howl had no words, no articulation, it was the roar of a troop of devils who had just espied their prey. Creatures of every age and of both sexes, with weapons of the most opposite kinds—axes and knives, tongs and smith's hammers, shovels and clubs, or fire-brands and iron hoops. A gigantic negro brandished in his hand the hewn off head of a white man, in the distorted features of which the Intendant recognized one of his most faithful servants, the *Raffineur* of the plantation, who had been always mild and humane, a friend of the slaves. At this sight, Libertas lost the last remains of his courage, for it announced to him his own fate, and with clasped hands he threw himself down before Toussaint and embraced his knees. "Save me, protect me," he cried, convulsively, clinging to the negro. "Take all I have, O! remember, Toussaint, I have always been a kind master to thee. Not a master—I have been thy friend, thy protector. I lightened thy lot, yes, I wished to make thee free, thy wife, thy children, by the holy mother of God! I meant to do so, have mercy! save me."

The huge negro, with the bloody head in his hand, threw himself upon Libertas, and tore him away from Toussaint. "Massa dance," he shouted, "Massa dance merrily. The fire burns without. Massa trembles, Massa is cold, Massa wants to be warmed, poor black will dance if Massa sings." His words were lost in the howl with which his companions threw themselves on Libertas, to drag him out. The large negro had struck him in the face with the bloody head, and he lay, fainting and motionless on the floor, when Toussaint pressed between him and the frenzied blacks.

"Stop! my brothers," he cried, in the Creole tongue, pushing back the foremost; "I have told you these people here were mine, and I will, myself, take my revenge on them. They shall suffer torments, more than the sands of Congo count grains, but not you—I alone will inflict them. I have given you what is outside, touch these not at your peril!" His eyes rolled, and slowly he drew forth a pistol from his bosom. The wild band of slaves drew back in dismay.

"What thou hast said, my brother, thou hast said," cried the huge negro, "and thy friends have heard it, and lain their hands upon their hearts. Take what is thine, and let them die slowly, according to thy will. But give us this one," he shouted, and dragged the kneeling Valsain, by his bloody hair, away from the table. "Anaja has seen tigers, and the yellow panther has heard his hunting cry and fled, but more cruel is this man, who beat us and laughed; who spit upon us as we passed him. He spoke but to curse us, his hand maimed our bodies, his foot trod upon our necks. It was the delight of his eyes to see us writhe. Let us burn out the eyes which hated us, let us hack off the limbs which tortured us, let us tear the hyena in pieces."

He ceased to speak, for a crowd of women and boys tore the half-dead man out of his hands, whose cry for mercy and pity died away under their blows. Their demoniac features wore the brutal thirst for revenge. It shone in their glittering eyes. It was seen in their expanded nostrils, in the wild yell with which, hyena-like, they flung themselves upon their hated tormentor. Their nails and teeth were buried in his flesh, their curses clamored for compensation, for all that he had made them suffer. Valsain was a strong, stout man. Disabled, covered with blood, and half mad with pain and despair, he summoned his last strength. He sprang from the floor, and shook his strong frame like a bear, whom the hounds have assaulted. A powerful blow of his fist freed him from one infuriated negress, a kick cleared him of another, and so great was the fear of his fury, and his strength, that, at the sight of his returning courage, the rest timidly gave way. For a moment he stood free and alone. He wiped the blood from his blackened and blinded eyes. "You hellish rabble!" said he, "take me, then; and cursed be the hand which lamed my arm; torment me, kill me, if ye will. You can only kill me: but I," he shouted with a broken voice, in which sounded a tone of horrible triumph, "I have made you all, for twenty years long, tremble at the axe and the whip!"

These words were the signal for a new attack. Valsain made no defence: he fell, without a word, beneath the hands of his assailants. And once more it was Toussaint, at whose commanding voice the knives and axes paused in their mid-work.

"Kill him not," said he. "Your hasty revenge is the pride of this wretch. He will die laughing at your fury. Has he not tortured us these twenty years, and will you put an end to him in a few minutes? We need strong slaves, who shall cook for us, and take care of our fields, and bear our burdens, like beasts. The chains which he has fastened on us, shall eat into his limbs. He shall suffer hunger, while we roll in plenty. He shall thirst, while fresh streams flow all around us. We will laugh, as he used to laugh when we wept, and he shall dance to the crack of the whip, while we recline in the shade."

The negroes broke out into acclamations of delight. They danced around their victim, and clapped their hands. The stout black, who had twisted Valsain's long hair round his hand, and dragged him down to the floor, released his hold, and let him down softly. "Not die, Massa," said he, "live, live long, Pompey get well, and make Massa dance twenty years," and then he burst out into a shout of joy, and his eyes sparkled with gratified revenge.

"Throw me into the fire," shrieked Valsain, in a voice of despair, "murder me, tear me limb from limb; ha! ye cowardly slaves, you dare not, and yet, I have mangled you in a hundred different ways."

In the midst of this scene, suddenly arose a piercing shriek, that made Vincent, who had been looking on in sadness and horror, tremble to his very heart. It was Helen's voice, calling for protection, and, regardless of the furious throng of negroes that filled the saloon, regardless of their fierce, bloodthirsty looks, and their brandished axes, he sprang out of the protecting circle, in among the threatening figures, dashed aside whatever stood in his way, and tore open the door of the room whence the cry came.

A moment sufficed to excite every passion of love and despair in his breast. Helen, half clad, was struggling in the arms of a negro, who was violently endeavoring to overcome her weak resistance. The eyes of the savage flamed like a brute's, and his hands were clasped around her delicate body. Without uttering a word, Vincent threw himself upon him, and the black staggered back, from the violence of the assault, but immediately recovered himself, and, with a cry of rage, caught up his axe from the floor. But the active Frenchman did not give him time to strike, or to ward off his attack. He had thrown his arms around his black, smooth body, and then he flung him down upon the floor, when, a stronger hand tore him from his foe, and hurled him aside. Vincent saw the increasing circle of blacks gathering round, with their demon faces turned upon him, while every look appeared to be devising some torture for the hated white man. The horrible howl of their revenge rung in his ears, but he saw not their weapons, he heeded not their threats, so long as he beheld the fainting girl again in the grasp of the negro.

Under Toussaint's powerful hand he struggled in vain, and his efforts to free himself, which Toussaint controlled with but a slight exertion, excited the laughter of the spectators.

"Worthless wretch!" shrieked the young officer, breathless, "is it thus you reward my sympathy, which saved you from death."

Instead of answering, Toussaint flung him upon the floor. "Bind this young tiger, too," he cried, with a stern voice; "he shall know what it is to die in chains, and die defenceless."

In an instant, Vincent's arms and hands were tied with strips of the palm-tree bark, and his exulting executioners were still busy about him, when Libertas and the rest were brought in, tied in the same way.

Their complaints and prayers were drowned by their fears. The wild figures danced around them, pushing them roughly about, and trying, in a thousand ways, to torment them. But the insensibility which often comes over us, when inevitable death is close at hand, seemed to have taken possession even of the delicate Lady de Borel. With starting eyes, she gazed upon the instruments of death, and appeared to long for the axe to put an end to her agony. Borel, alone, was self-possessed enough to cast looks of scorn upon the mad throng around him, and, when he looked at Toussaint, who stood, calmly contemplating his prisoners, he cried out, with his wonted violence of tone: "now, Libertas, who was right, when I warned you against this old scoundrel? I saw what plans the rascal was brooding over, and, had you taken my advice, we should not now be in his power."

Charmilly, in the meanwhile, had anxiously sought out his niece, and was horror-struck, as he saw the negro about to bear her out of the room. A cry of agony broke from him, and, he sought in vain to free himself from his cords. His face grew black, his eyes started flaming from his head, and were fastened upon the movements of Toussaint, who instantly perceived the cause of his distress.

"Moses," cried Toussaint, and the young negro stood still with his prey, and looked angrily back.

"Bring the girl hither," continued Toussaint, calmly, "she is my prisoner."

"She is mine," said Moses, with an air of defiance, "and I will keep her. The white masters have for long years taken black wives, old uncle, so, let me have this white face. To-morrow she shall die."

"Boy," cried Toussaint, and his eyes kindled with rage, "do you not hear what I say? She is mine."

"You shall have her to-morrow," said Moses, with a brutal laugh. "She is beautiful, the white flower, and my heart thirsts for her. O! how the old Massa howls, because the black slave, whom he trampled upon, dares to kiss her, and he must see it. Away, old uncle, the white woman belongs to me, and my brothers. Speak," he continued, with violence, and turned to the others, "with what right does he hinder us from our revenge? Ha, Toussaint Breda, I will not: Moses will not. He fears not your sorcery."

Without answering, Toussaint stepped up to him. His eye fell full upon his nephew, who quailed before it. With crushing force he laid his hand upon the shoulder of the young negro, whose whole frame quaked under the pressure. "Thou art young," said he, and his voice sounded mournfully and solemnly, "but even the young tree falls, shivered by the lightning. Take care, Moses, it stands written in the stars, that the lightning shall strike you: provoke it not, boy, be humble and obedient, or tremble, for, my hand shall be the lightning that destroys you."

So speaking, he took Helen out of the grasp of Moses, and, while she lay upon his breast, she opened her eyes, fixed her agonized looks upon him for an instant, and then closed them again with a shriek, while she clung fast to his neck. A look of pity fell upon her. Toussaint turned from the infuriated Moses, and bore her to her uncle, whose hands she kissed amidst her tears. But hope had risen in her heart. She looked at Toussaint, who, in a proud and commanding tone, addressed some threatening words to the throng, which she could not understand. The negroes shrunk back with awe. In the midst of his wrath, a hope of deliverance dawned.

"We are free," said Toussaint to the blacks, "but deadly is the wrath, which rages blindly. Ha!" he continued, hastening towards the shattered door, "See the signal of our brothers!" The savage excitement of the slaves gave itself vent in a brutal yell, and they rushed out into the night, illuminated by the conflagration. Their black forms shone in the glare of the flames, and, outside they were received by their companions, who were dancing in large rings round the mangled bodies of the slaughtered whites. The distant plains of the Cape reposed for some minutes in the transparent moonlight, which peacefully mingled with the still dark shadows of the woods. Suddenly a flame flashed up among the hills, and then another, and yet another, in a different quarter. Large flakes of fire mounted up, and soon the whole horizon was wrapt in a red glare. It broke forth among the woods, in the rich valleys between the mountains, and, at every new signal of death, the dancing, yelling blacks broke out into new extravagances of mad delight. Between every shout there boomed, from time to time, a noise like muttered thunder. It was the cannon of the Cape, calling the soldiers and citizens to arms. In the hearts of the wretched prisoners, this sound awakened at once, hope and despair, an agony of conflicting emotions, which the negroes remarking, they were only moved to new yells of laughter, to a new display of their weapons, which they shook at the prisoners, and to a thousand childish excesses. Toussaint remained in the house, with a few of his most intimate associates. It was the most sober and thoughtful that he gathered around him. To these he gave orders, which gradually lessened their numbers to still fewer. He then turned to a young negro, whose face was expressive of unusual mildness, and who, through all the previous tumult, had kept close to his side, dividing his attention between the prisoners and a black maiden, of giant size, and of African beauty. Throughout, her lofty figure had been visible in the midst of the blacks, seeking, with a sabre with which she was armed, to give emphasis and effect to the words of Toussaint. A wild eloquence flowed from her lips, and, when Helen sank at the feet of her uncle, she it was who seized the poor girl's hand, and stood in a protecting attitude, between her and the crowd of blacks.

(To be continued.)

From Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

When one looks at the amount of theoretic law and morality extant in the world, it seems a wonder that it should not be a deal better than it is.

The precepts and injunctions recommended and enforced, are enough to make one believe not only in the perfectibility, but the actual perfection of human nature. There seems no need of any new doctrine when we are so far from living up to what we have already. But there is the mischief; we are become now deaf and insensible to the good things rung in our ears; they have become a sort of *refrains* to which it never strikes us to attach a practical meaning; they have ceased to lay hold upon our consciences. We do not *disbelieve* exactly, but we have got to—Never mind. It would be social excommunication to express a doubt of any of the points of accredited morality, but the amount of practical belief we show in our life and actions is wonderful for its infinitesimal smallness,—it shows the immense surface over which a grain of reality may be attenuated.

There is hardly a man to be found who has faith enough to stake the most trifling practical result on the abstract principle he would argue the most loudly to support; it must come recommended by some more tangible advantage than being merely a point of law or gospel, before he will give it the preference. The fact is, points of morality are no longer *obligatory;* there is universally *felt* to be an appeal from them to the private judgment of common sense and immediate policy; and yet there would be much virtuous clamor raised against any one who should venture to impugn any received maxim of morality in WORDS.

In the present day, all the practical faith going seems to have been invested in the business by which men gain their daily bread; they *believe*, THAT, if well followed out, it will work their salvation in this world in the shape of money, influence, and what not. Oh, yes! if FAITH be the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," those who are able to show this forth by the trust they have in the floating property they may possess *in esse*, though as yet it be not realized; and for *this* hope they are content to endure actual privation and inconvenience. This hope they trust to make manifest, and they have long patience for it; but for any doctrine or principle, which of them dares to—*live?* for that requires more courage than to *die*. Those men who have a belief in some abstract principle, and shape their actions by it, seem enthusiasts to practical people, who are made of the stuff the world is made of,—who are adepts in the mechanical dexterity by which the routine of life is carried on, but who never trouble themselves about the principles on which, in the *first instance*, those rules were founded.

It is a startling fact, that the men who have the most practical faith are MADMEN, and they are shut up in lunatic asylums to keep them from *acting* on their delusions. They would have been heroes, from their intense and steady reliance on their own inward convictions, had they not chanced on points which are capable of *demonstration* as practical fallacies,—things that *are not;* but the distance between theoretic wisdom and practical madness is not great. There is scarce a madman shut up for his wild projects and inconvenient attempts to realize them, whose THEORY has not, one time or other, been supported by some philosopher,—some theoretic man who gained name and fame by giving utterance to the speculation, but who proved his sanity by not allowing it to influence his *practice*.

"The inspired and desperate alchemists" of old, engaged over the "GRAND PROJECTION" on which their life was staked, were not engaged in a crisis half so fearful as that in which a sincere and noble nature endeavors to reduce to practice an exalted speculative conception, staking not life and gold alone, but throwing reason itself into the crucible. All the wisdom, all the instruction, all the religious teaching, which has been given to the world, and which the world has ceased to regard, has been conquered for men, made articulate, rendered safe and practical guides for them, out of the dread and shadowy realms of madness and confusion.

A man who dares to hold by the invisible, is like the apostle walking on the water,—if the hand from above be not stretched out to save him, he must sink down into the whirlpool of madness that lies beneath. There is a most touching meaning in that Eastern superstition of madmen being made the special protection of Heaven.

But whilst men with one accord seem to have retired their faith from the forms and maxims of belief which guided their fathers, there is everywhere an extraordinary speculative activity! they seem all waiting to hear some new thing; or else are engaged in altering and remodelling what they believed before; but none are resting tranquilly in that inheritance of belief to which they were born;—with all this, there is perhaps less practical faith in the teaching and doctrines extant, than there ever was since *Christendom* began. It is always thus on the eve of great events. At such periods the foundations of the world are out of course, and the fountains of the great deep broken up. All *authority* is superseded (*universal* authority, we mean). Every man who can get a hearing has the privilege of speaking; and the world is well disposed to give ear, *if so be* it may catch the accents of that "large utterance" which can give unity and intelligibleness to the stammering and discordant tones in which individuals strive to embody the vast unknown thought of God which lies heavy on their souls. In this state of things, where there is no longer a CHURCH, nor a Supreme Teacher, the "POWER OF THE KEYS," as it is called, that mysterious authority derived from no *human* source, is removed, and every individual is invested with an importance he could not have in old and more settled times. These are days of general disorganization, when no one mode of religion or belief "holds solely sovereign sway and masterdom." Any man who will sincerely and simply utter his own experience, his own earnest idea of what it is right or desirable to do, and to believe, becomes a hope, and an oracle, to his fellows; and a man who can utter in sincerity what he finds in his own heart, is "a light shining in a dark place." In every man is lodged an oracle of the Deity, which has been opened to no other; for though he may stand close beside us, touching us, yet is he separated from us by an impenetrable veil of flesh, as much as if he belonged to an unknown world: we know not for a certainty whether the visible objects on which we gaze at the same moment, present the same aspect to him,—the things that please us, are indifferent to him,—the same things do not affright him,—the words that move us to joy or sorrow, do not touch him; whilst, again, he is moved by things which take no effect upon us. He has his own soul, and his own organization, through which it is made manifest; but, though he may stand beside us, though we may call him brother, and the same mother may have brought us forth, yet is he a mystery to us,—we can know nothing of what appears to him, except as he reveals it to us; and therefore it is that in times like these, the individual becomes of importance, and we are willing to listen to all, because we cannot *know of a surety* whether they may not see points hidden from our eyes. We know how badly we ourselves decide, we know our own weakness, but we know only the apparent strength of another.

A truth to take hold of men, must have an affinity to their mode of thought,—to their bias of feeling,—otherwise it is not a truth to them; it is nothing. When a fact, however true, has ceased to be in sympathy with those who bear it, it dies out of their heart, unless it be connected with them by the links of their desires or their interests. They cease to believe it; their heart is hardened against it, and it cannot influence them; it must appear to them in a new shape. THEN, if one will arise and utter the thought of his own heart, it is like a new revelation, and it works like leaven in the whole mass.

The innate, indestructible reverence we have for our brethren at the bottom of our souls, makes us believe our own thoughts more readily, if uttered by another, than when presented in our own mind: we may *think* by the mere force of our own intellect, but we only truly believe when we find another in the same mind as ourselves.

Men are ever yearning after repose and unity of belief; they cannot bear to be out of sympathy with their fellows; they would constrain all to swim in their own element; hence, they who are in advance of their age, who are the first to feel the insufficiency of the existing order of things, excite anger, uneasiness—"seem despisers of that which is good." They are railed against; put down as far as may be with a strong arm. They are thrown down to make a bridge and a high-way for those who come after to pass over. They are the martyrs who needs must perish,

"Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth;"

but the word they have spoken has struck an answering chord in the hearts of a few; the spectacle of seeing men so fully persuaded of the reality of that which is invisible, has a metaphysical influence, which no truth, however logically detached from the great rock of that which is unknown, can ever have without this quickening impulse, this sympathetic faith.

They who *can* so far believe the thing they profess, who have faith enough in it to "endure as seeing that which is invisible," may lay hold of this assurance, that in proportion as that is a *truth* which has led them, that has its root in the everlasting life of man, and does not deal with fleeting appearance, but goes down into the real wants and aspirations which lie dormant in men's hearts, awakening them, and giving them utterance, their words will go forth to the whole earth; there will be neither speech nor language where their words will not find an echo. It is a mission, for which it is a privilege to be allowed to suffer, that of arousing men to "press onwards towards the mark of their high calling,—to forget those things which are behind, and to reach forward to those which are before."

But in no one form or mode of belief can truth be long imprisoned; no scheme nor theory for human guidance can last forever. They who have been the first in the career of progress, become in time the last,—are over-passed by their followers; the peculiar form in which they shaped their doctrines,—the burning words by which once

"The world was wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not,"

will in time become cold and obsolete, the meaning will fade out of them. Then is their mission ended; well and bravely have they done; "they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Men are always frightened and displeased at being turned out of the *spell* which has given shape to their life, and in defence of which they would have "dared to die." They endeavor to linger in it long after it has become too strait for them, endeavoring to compress the life within them rather than go forth with their souls naked and unfenced into the "wilderness where no man dwelleth." They require one to arise able to be their leader and guide,—to say, "Arise let us depart hence."

In times of need, such a leader has always been sent; the "transparent prison of the Past" enlarges not its bonds with the growth and progress of men; they require one to set them free from it. There is an indestructible veracity in human nature, which prevents its continuing long in a system of belief which has fallen into a ruin of words which convey no meaning. A state of general disbelief and deadness to the vital significance of professed principle cannot continue long; for this is not the world of the dead, but of the living.

Why should we of the present day fancy that there is no spiritual *future* for *us?* Why suppose that WE alone, of all ages from the beginning of time, are to be stereotyped into the form to receive the impress of that which is *past?* The men of to-day are as truly living souls as the men who existed two thousand years ago; and have as much need to be guided,—that which they have does *not* guide them. When men become able to use their private judgment about their religion and the belief by which they ought to live, it has ceased to *be* a religion; it has lost its hold, its grasp on the hearts and minds of men;—the need of a dominant power is making itself felt. That which ought to be a grand unity is breaking up into fragments, and every man has to build himself his own shelter from the ruins as he can; but because we are deprived of the beautiful temple in which our fathers worshipped, are we to dwell amid the wrecks forever? But certain periods, ever since the beginning of things, times not unlike those in which we now live, have occurred,—when nations have been sitting amid the ruins of their gods in desolate expectation of that which shall be,—and in the time of deepest need a messenger, a teacher, has always arisen amongst them. Teachers of the highest nature have been of very rare advent in the cycle of eternity, who have had a grasp strong and firm on humanity,—their own nature deep and wide enough to comprehend and articulate the world-wide wants and aspirations of all men, to whom the people have willingly submitted themselves. Leaders and teachers, so far exalted in their nature above their fellows as to seem like gods on earth, have not often appeared; nevertheless, when the world required a mighty impulse to carry it forward, they have appeared, and gone before, making a path towards the future, into the *Unknown*, in which the ages that followed have walked. It is written, "The people that sat in darkness have seen a great light, and to them that sat in the valley of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined." And why should not *that* light shine into our hearts also? Why should WE, of all the ages which have preceded us, expect to be left desolate? Why are we to be condemned to juggle with our own souls, striving to persuade ourselves that we believe,—*what we do not!* Instead of trembling and crouching to the PAST, let us have faith in the *Future;* for it is to the FUTURE that our faces are set. FORWARDS mankind must of necessity go, so long as the generations of men continue on the earth. There is no return possible into the *Past*. The Arabs have a proverb which signifies that the most distant event in futurity lies nearer to us than the transaction that happened an hour ago. It is in the *Future* we must hope—the Past is barred against us.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

Slaveholding Treachery—Northern Servility.—The Oregon question is to be compromised on the 49th parallel. The slaveholders, having gained Texas, are not willing to add to Northern territory. So a territory, out of which eight such States as Ohio could be carved, is to be surrendered—pusillanimously, disgracefully surrendered. The Whigs help the slaveholders to give up Oregon, just as the Locos helped the slaveholders to acquire Texas. Thus slaveholders use each party by turns, and, by means of them, enslave the North. Repeated instances of base treachery, grasping selfishness, and overbearing tyranny, only serve to make the North tamer and tamer. Like Balaam's Ass, it seems to require a miracle to open the Northern mouth in remonstrance. And when it is opened, it says, "Am not I thine Ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do thus unto thee?"—*Democratic Standard.*

The *Journal des Débats* publishes the following letter from Naples, which gives some further particulars on the character of the new Pope:—

In 1836, being at Naples, I had the honor of becoming personally acquainted with the present Pope, who was residing in that town as nuncio to the Neapolitan court. His stay in that city will ever be remembered by the inhabitants, and particularly by the poorer classes. At the time when the cholera was raging, he disposed of his plate, furniture, and equipages, and distributed the proceeds to the unfortunate victims of that disease. During the whole period of the epidemy, the sick continually received from him the consolations of religion, as well as assistance from his purse. In these visits he always went on foot, and when observations were made to him on the subject, he would reply by these remarkable words, "When the poor of Jesus Christ die in the streets, his ministers ought not to ride in carriages."

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